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PICTORIAL REVIEW



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PICTORIAL REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
DEVOTED TO
FASHION, SOCIETY, THE STAGE,
THE ARTS AND THE HOME.

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FOR RATES OF ADVERTISING APPLY TO THE COMPANY.

WHAT is the subtle connection between fine horses and fine clothes? It is there. Perhaps you cannot define it, but it exists just as surely as does the control of the moon over all the waters of the Seven Seas.

The Parisians, you know, do not fix on their styles until after the Grand Prix. New Yorkers wait until after the Horse Show before deciding on their winter gowns. At the great French races the autocrats of the modes exhibit their latest creations. Their fair and often



famous patrons serve as models for the display. All the world cares but little about which horses win. The racing results are dismissed with a few paragraphs in the journals, but of the costumes worn many columns are written.

These measurably form the basis for the styles shown at the New York Horse Show. But we do not gulp down the French fashions just as they come to us, as some writers would have us believe. We Americans are too independent for that. The gowns which may do for the Paris boulevards or the Opera Comique might not suit Fifth avenue or the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Parisian modes are put through a filtering process by American modistes. Some are rejected and some are modified. Some features are eliminated; others are exaggerated. So the gowns we see at the Horse Show are not mere copies of those which have been previously worn in Paris. You

might call them echoes. You might also add, too, that some of the Grand Prix and other Parisian gowns are loud enough for the echo to be heard not only in New York, but in Seattle and Galveston.

All this, however, does not answer the question as to the link between the horses and the clothes. Is there a natural bond between animals of long pedigree and ladies of long lineage, or, at least, long purses? Do the equine aristocrats in the stalls attract by some inexplicable affinity the human aristocrats in the boxes? Or is it that society must have some excuse for wearing its fine gowns where appreciative spectators are to be found? Perhaps the reader can answer the query for herself or himself by a visit to Madison Square Garden upon the fifteenth annual recurrence of the New York Horse Show.

The National Horse Show Association of America, which is its corporate name, is as national in its scope as its title implies. It "sets the pace" in horses and equine equipment, as well as setting the fashions for men and women, indoor and out, not only for the metropolis, but for the whole country. There are horse shows in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in St. Louis and elsewhere, but they are not the National Horse Show, toward which the eyes of the continent are directed in these days when Autumn is blending into Winter. While wholly creditable in their way, they are not in any essential respect to be compared to the New York Horse Show. The only exhibition in its class is the Crystal Palace Horse Show in London, either as regards the superiority of the equine exhibits or the social brilliancy of the event.

The New York Horse Show was started fifteen years ago by a coterie of men prominent in the social and financial circles of the metropolis,

among them being George Peabody Wetmore, William C. Whitney, David Bonner, Cornelius Fellowes and others, their aim being to make it sufficiently broad in its character to attract the whole country. At first there were some misgivings as to the success of the enterprise. Many shrewd men of money thought it would not pay. The first exhibition, however, proved decidedly successful, fully realizing the expecta-



tions of its promoters. With each succeeding year it has grown in brilliancy and in prestige as a factor in the social life of New York, as well as importance to breeders, owners and exhibitors of the finest specimens of horseflesh, until now it is not only the Mecca of Gotham's devotees of fashion and lovers of fine horses, but attracts a host of distinguished visitors from both adjacent and distant cities.

The advance sale of boxes, which occurred a few days ago and which is the recognized barometer that indicates the prospective social and financial success of the Horse Show, was an ample demonstration that this exhibition would be fully up to the standard of its predecessors. Competition for the choice of boxes was confined to the members of the association, something over three hundred of these being present either in person or represented by agents. The choice or "blue ribbon box" was sold to Oliver H. P. Belmont, who bid \$450 for it. The bid of Mr. Belmont was the highest recorded since the show of 1896, which is regarded as the most brilliant and successful in the history of the association. The top price last year was \$410 and the year before \$400. The total amount realized from the sale this year was \$17,100, or more than \$1,000 in excess of last year's aggregate.

As the box sale was the forecast of its social brilliancy and financial success, so the list of entries, which closed on October 21, was a sufficient indication that as a Horse Show proper it does not fall below its predecessors in any respect. Indeed, there is on the list a more notable ensemble of blue-blooded, high-stepping, proud-spirited, handsomely-groomed, ribbon-winning steeds than has characterized any former card.

The association, with its accustomed liberality, "hung up" \$30,000 in premiums, but the ribbons and certificates which accompany them

are quite as highly prized as the cash. The honor of being the first on the official list is accorded, quite properly, to the thoroughbred racing horses, and next in line are the standard bred trotters. The hackneys, always a popular type of horse, cut an important figure in the show. Then come the great varieties of roadsters, French coach horses, cab and hansom horses, saddle horses and ponies, every strain of lineage known in equine lore being represented.

There is probably not an edifice in the world better adapted for such an exhibition than Madison Square Garden. There is the great arena, surrounded by a broad promenade walk. Next come the rings of boxes, wherein assemble the elite, the men and women whose names are most frequently seen in the society columns of the newspapers. Back of the boxes are the rows of seats, which tower tier on tier clear up to the roof, making, all in all, as brilliant and spirited a spectacle as can be seen anywhere in the world.

The Horse Show is withal a great educational affair. Some women go to make studies of the triumphs of the milliner's art and the modiste's handiwork to be seen there, and some men to learn what is the proper



thing in carriage appointments. The amateur driver can learn what his horse should be like, how he should be handled, the style of rig he should drive in, and how his footman should be uniformed. Some women go to admire; others to be admired. Some men go to inspect the horses; some to learn what is the correct thing in masculine attire, as the Horse Show dominates the style for men as well as women.

There is a couplet of Kipling's which says:

"Four things greater than all things are—
Women and horses and power and war."

Women first; then the horses. Both are to be seen at the Madison Square Garden in all their beauty and splendor.



Zoe Mou.

A STORY OF THE HORSE SHOW.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

MY young friend Tom Stuyvesant is a member of the Four Hundred and of the chief clubs; and knows all about Society; but, because he has less income than he ought to have, he makes ends meet by writing Society articles for the papers. He asked me to go with him to the Horse Show, and of course I went, knowing I had a good thing.

"Who is that glorious girl with red hair?" I asked, indicating a radiant young goddess in one of the boxes on the south side.

"That? Oh, she's Ruth Caithness; and that big red-faced chap leaning over and talking to her is the Major: Major Cabot, you know; connected with the Quartermaster's Department; has pulls and that sort of thing; army contracts, don't you know. They say he's worth a million; but, between you and me, I doubt it. I don't altogether like his style; however, he's in the swim, and that settles it!—How do, Major! Ruth, my dear, you're looking splendid!"—"What do you say to a pint?" added my companion, as we passed on. There won't be anything special for half an hour."

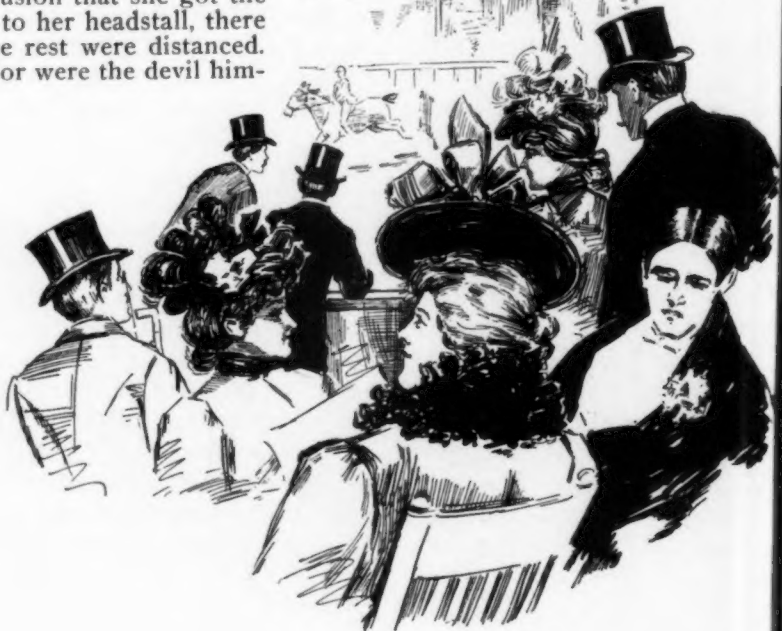
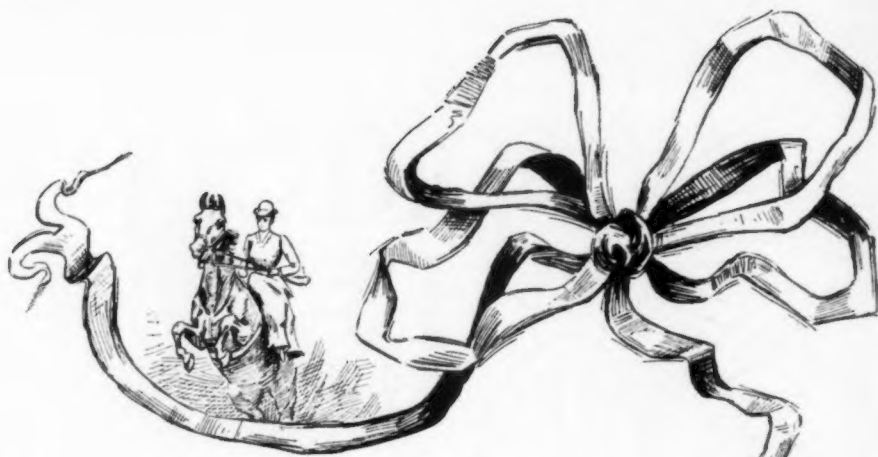
I assented; and when we were established at a table, Tom, lighting a cigar, remarked, "By the by, there's a bit of romance about these folks; you're in that line—I'll tell it you. You see, Ruth has no end of money, and all the bucks are after her; but the Major got the inside track. My notion is, she preferred poor Jack Macdonald; but the folks considered him wild, and backed the Major. Whether she had a secret understanding with Jack I can't say; probably nothing definite; but anyhow, when the war broke out, he was a private in the 170th New York Volunteers; and you know they didn't go to the front, as an organization, for reasons satisfactory to them—though they may have regretted it since. Some of them did go, though, in other regiments, and Jack among them. D—— poor wine, isn't it?"

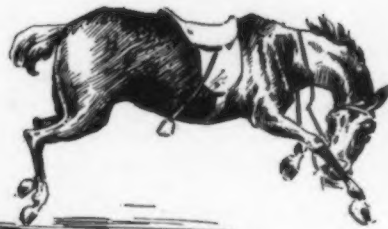
"Abandoned love for war, did he?"

"Well, may be he meant to make a reputation, and that sort of thing, so as to influence her folks in his favor; but if he did, it didn't pan out; he got hit in some skirmish outside Manila, and that was the end of him. Of course, that fixed the Major's book all right; but I consider it a d—— shame. I remember one day, before he went out, he and I and the Major were at Meadowbrook with Ruth, and her horse had given out, and she said, in that reckless way she has, 'I'll marry the man that gives me a pure-blooded Arab!' She was looking straight at Jack; he looked back at her, but never opened his head; but the Major said, 'You shall have one, by Jove!' And the point of that story is," added Tom, finishing his wine and getting up, "That I see the Major has an Arab, to compete in the saddle-horse class, and the name is Ruth; so you can put two and two together. Wonder how he got her; there's not more than half a dozen pure-blooded in the country. Let's go and have a look at her; the class is on now, I fancy. If she get's the ribbon, it's a cinch!"

We returned to the great amphitheatre; but no sooner had I glanced into the ring, than the eight thousand fashionable spectators vanished, and all I could see was Ruth—the mare, not the girl. Never did I behold a more exquisite animal. She was white as cream, with black mane and tail. Rosa Bonheur never painted such a head; Byron in his most Oriental moments never imagined such a body and limbs; Delsarte when most inspired never conceived such graces and such paces. She was a kitten, a hero, a love! As she moved around the arena, with her slender, handsome young English groom on her back, the whole vast audience murmured its admiration. It was a foregone conclusion that she got the ribbon; and when the judge fastened the blue bow to her headstall, there was a shout of applause. Ruth was It, and all the rest were distanced.

"Miss Caithness is not to be pitied, if the Major were the devil himself!" I exclaimed.





"Look at her!" said Tom, in a low voice, for we were standing right under her box.

She sat with her hands clasped, her magnificent eyes fixed on the mare. Her lovely face was a study; I would not venture to analyze the conflicting emotions I saw there. The Major, with a triumphant smile on his rubicund visage, bent over her and said, "She's yours!"

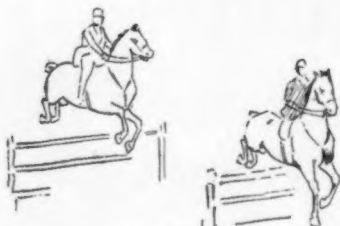
"And *She's* his!" commented Tom, taking my arm. "Come on; we shan't see anything better than that to-night. It's a d— shame all the same."

But a week later, as I was passing up the Avenue, I detected my friend at a window of Delmonico's taking his luncheon. He saw me, and made violent gestures that I should join him. I did so; and he related the events which follow:

"You remember the Horse Show Romance? Well, don't faint; but Jack and Ruth Caithness are to be married at Grace Church next month. Yes, I know I told you he was dead; but he wasn't; and that the Major had the inside track; but he didn't; on the contrary, he's in the soup. It's this way:—we were all up at the Caithnesses the day after the Show. The Major was to make a formal presentation of the mare to Ruth, and it was understood that his betrothal to her was to be announced at the same time. You know they have a swagger place out on Long Island. We were standing out in front of the house—the old folks, Ruth, the Major and I. She had a queer look in her face; I didn't quite know what to make of it; the fact was, as I afterwards found out, she had been told—but wait a minute! The Major had no suspicions, any more than the old folks. 'Tell my groom,' said he to one of the servants, 'to bring out the mare, and be quick about it!' Off went the servant; presently we saw the mare come out of the stable, led by a chap dressed like a gentleman, and one of the right sort too. But as he came near—it was the groom all right, the same we saw at the Show. 'What do you mean by presenting yourself in that rig, sir?' called out the Major, very indignant. 'I'm Captain Stanley Cecil, of the British Royal Fusiliers,' said the other chap, quietly; and he handed his card to old Caithness. 'I paid your former groom, Major Cabot, to leave your service; and I applied for his place, in order to expose you; and I shall expose you now. I was at Manila as foreign attache to see the fighting; I was hit in a skirmish, and Jack Macdonald brought me in—and was hit badly himself. When the regiment was ordered home, he was still an invalid, and was allowed to remain; he and I went to India, intending to come here by way of England; some of my people are in India. He had told me about wanting to get an Arab to send to some one in New York; I had one myself, the best in India; this is she; and her name is not Ruth, but Zoe Mou—isn't it, Zoe?' And with that the lovely little creature nodded, and rubbed her nose against his face. 'I gave the mare to Jack, as a small return for his saving my life; and she was shipped to New York, to Miss Ruth Caithness. Jack expected to be here before her; but he was taken ill with fever, and I nursed him for six weeks, before he could move. Then we set out together, and arrived just before the Horse Show. But meanwhile, Major Cabot, you, having some pull, as you call it, at the custom house, had got wind of the mare's arrival; and by some hocus-pocus (of which I have all the details) you got your hands on her, pretended that you were the importer, and planned to bring her out in dramatic style at the Show. In plain English, Major Cabot, you stole this mare; and I have the evidence to prove it. There's good reason to believe, too, that you caused the report of Jack's death to get into the papers—for purposes which Miss Caithness will appreciate! Well, when Jack and I got here, we enquired for the mare, and learnt the facts. Then, in order to clinch the evidence, I entered your service; and I need not remind you, Major, that in your conversations with me, you let the cat out of the bag most satisfactorily. And now—here is the gentleman to whom Zoe Mou really belongs'—and with that, my dear fellow," added Tom, his eyes sparkling, "out stepped master Jack from the house, where he'd been in hiding, with only Ruth privy to the fact. 'Let him dispose of the mare as he chooses,' concluded the Captain. Well, you never saw such a time in your life; she fell in his arms; and as for the Major . . . By the way, the crisp of the joke is that the old villain's ruined; he had got left in a contract deal, and had depended upon Ruth's money to pull him out; failing that, he's put in his petition in bankruptcy, and New York's too hot to hold him. What do you think of it?"

"It's great!" I said. "Waiter, bring me a glass." He brought it; and Tom and I drank to the health of the young couple with all our hearts.

Julian Hawthorne

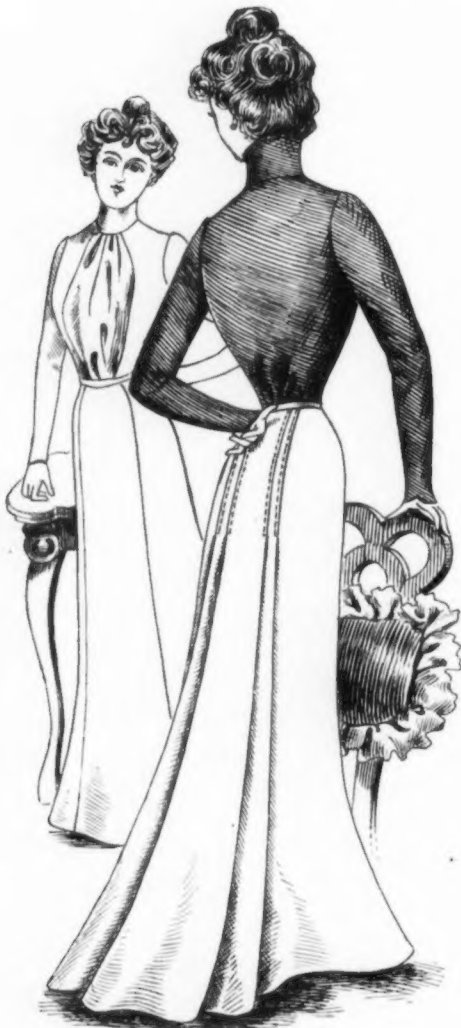


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The bangs that were allowed to camp on a small corner of Beauty's brow, have, like the proverbial beggar, taken an ell, and are spreading across the forehead.

The crimped pompadour is in high favor, and the sides and back are crimped and puffed to match.



CRIMPED POMPADOUR.

The ends are tucked into a figure eight nearly at the top of the head. This arrangement of the hair makes the theatre scarfs worn so much very becoming.

All kinds of jewelled combs are used, the most popular are the circular combs of tortoiseshell, studded with diamonds.

Butterflies are used on everything, from the buckles of ball slippers, and lace appliques, to trimming for hats and hair ornaments.

Those for the hair are black Chantilly lace, with gold bodies and jewelled eyes, point lace with Rhinestone bodies and eyes, plain jet or spangles. But they are very effective, and give a pretty touch of lightness and frivolity to a carefully arranged coiffure.



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THE STORY OF A BONNET.

I TOOK shape in the work-room of a fashionable Paris milliner's establishment in the Rue de la Paix. My earliest recollection is of being held up for inspection, and then my profound satisfaction when I caught sight of my dainty reflection in a looking-glass. I was greeted with a chorus of admiration from the appreciative "hands" who clustered around to view the very latest creation of the most skillful of Parisian milliners.

My composition was of pink straw, trimmed with cream lace. A red rose—such a rose!—bowed with much dignity from her position in front. She was the most stuck-up of roses, and I could hardly help resenting the haughty air with which she took to herself so great a share of the applause.

"That flower might almost be real," said one out of the knot of onlookers, "had it only the scent of the original."

"Wait a moment," replied my fashioner, "it is just that which is to come. I flatter myself it will prove one of the greatest novelties of the season."

In another moment the delicious perfume of roses filled the room. Her baptism had taken place—the first artificial flower ever thus initiated—and from that rite she emerged intoxicated with vanity.

Suddenly, I found myself carried off. I was so bewildered that when I felt capable of taking note of my surroundings, I was occupying the prominent position of the exact centre in the shop window, whilst grouped around me, on lower levels, were numerous other bonnets and hats—my sisters—for we were a large family. Then, and then only, did I realize my full importance, and I could not but admire and rejoice in the scornfully elegant bearing of that rose as she cast forth her delicate fragrance, to the ineffable surprise and envy of all the other artificial flowers, keenly conscious of their inferiority.

Ladies crowded thickly outside, gazing up at me with eyes of rapturous longing. Even gentlemen stopped, and hesitated, before hurrying on.

I had not been in my place a quarter of an hour when I was taken inside the shop, placed tenderly on the head, and my strings tied under the chin, of a very pretty young English lady, who turned and twisted in front of the mirror in an absolute ecstasy of delight.

"Mais Madame est ravissante là-dedans!" purred the clever saleswoman in a matter-of-fact, unsympathetic tone, which carried its weight nevertheless.

"It does suit me, doesn't it, Arthur?" said my wearer, turning towards her middle-aged husband who sat near. He wore a nervously anxious expression, and his whole bearing emitted through a large

radius an awkward consciousness of being entirely out of his element and out of harmony and sympathy with his surroundings. His opinion, tersely put, was "Bewitching!" and the blushing rose nodded approval to the blushing little face in the glass.

"I wonder what the price is," she murmured under her breath.

"Ten guineas," came the prompt reply in perfect English from the saleswoman.

The rose bristled with indignation, for we knew that the cost of production had not exceeded two pounds! The prudent little wife now wore the anxious expression, whilst her husband watched her with a smile as she began slowly to untie the strings. Turning a half-decided, half-pleading look towards him, she said longingly, "You see, dear, I suppose the price of the bonnet is so high, partly on account of the novelty of the perfumed rose." I clung to her fondly, desperately, as she added, "How well it does fit to be sure!" and she gently disengaged my grasp upon her hair.

Then it was I thought that Man showed the full force of his fine character, the true greatness of his sex. Rising to the occasion, like the soldier he was, he said quietly to the expectant saleswoman: "I will pay for it at once. Send back her other bonnet this evening, as my wife will keep this one on."

A laughing, happy, though rather awestricken face looked so gratefully from under that jubilant rose! I was quite in a flutter of excitement as we all left the shop together, proud and elated amid the admiring glances of the bystanders; and that very afternoon we drove in the Bois de Boulogne, and the rose held itself so naturally in her lofty position that her coquetry attracted envious female glances, all the way from the Allée des Acacias to the Champs Elysées.

My lady bowed to a gentleman of a military stamp, with a fair moustache, who lifted his hat as he drove past.

"Who is that?" inquired her husband.

"Oh! that is one of Clive's old college friends whom I have not seen for years," she replied, and blushed again as red as the rose.

* * * * *

Some time later I realized that I was in England. "The bonnet you brought from Paris, my lady?" As the maid unpacked me, the rose, released from her confined position in the box, now quickly shot up erect again, happy to be free once more.

We went to a lovely park, and there on a seat near a pretty river I was surprised to see that same young man with the fair moustache. My lady sank down on the bench beside him, her pretty face greatly agitated as he chided her for being so late. I saw the rose quiver with anger at the indiscretion, and later on she nodded in such trepidation that I looked around for the cause.

To my consternation I saw the

husband emerge from behind a tree. My lady fainted. The men rapidly exchanged some angry words which I did not understand; then husband and wife were alone. Taking out of his pocket a penknife, the sight of which made me ill with fear and apprehension, he brought it to her throat. — I turned giddy — he cut my lace strings — and then gently rested her head on his arm. — I fell helplessly to the ground, and remembered no more. — When I recovered I was being handed as a gift by my lady to her maid, and I received a shock from which I felt I never should recover, and the pride of the rose had been humbled in the dust. Miserable and dejected, I realized that a new life was about to begin for me.

* * * * *

When we were out walking beside the plebeian cloth cap of that maid's young man I learnt some very different views of life from those to which I had been accustomed in the Paris workroom. Their sole aim and ambition were to enjoy themselves while they were young, and leave it to the parish to keep them when they were old. Meanwhile their wages were to be spent on fine clothes, which were to be worn more to confound their friends than to delight themselves, and to be jauntily displayed during their frequent visits to the music halls. I was so highly thought of that I was donned for their trumpery wedding.

Afterwards things did not go so merrily. For the girl found out that her husband was a heavy drinker, and that she had to become a mere drudge in order to try and keep starvation from the door. The day soon came when she felt compelled to sell her clothes, and my turn soon arrived. She sighed deeply, for I was one of the first and now only remaining link with her former position; and the woman's bitter tears dripped upon the humbled rose who no longer held her head erect.

"Yer Paris bonnet? I don't mind givin' yer a bob for it." Mortified and dispirited, the poor rose lays her head upon my limp crown as I am roughly clapped on the towzely hair that ignobly crowned the blotchy face of her husband's besodden old mother. I would fain draw a veil, had she possessed one, over myself and the degradation that followed.

"Courage," I whispered one day to the withering rose, "think of gay Paris—and the price we fetched." She weakly tried to raise her head at the memory, but the effort was too much for her strength. Her former color had almost disappeared under a coating of smuts, and her delicate perfume had been drowned in the odor of gin which permanently pervaded our late surroundings.

The vulgar hag, flaunting home to her alley, entered the favorite gin-shop which she frequented, to drink herself unconscious, as was her wont, in the company of her dutiful son. But this time, after that object was almost accomplished, a free fight, somewhat more free than usual, took place in the road in front. In the noise and screaming tumult I was suddenly pushed forward, torn from the shameless grey head, tossed and trampled in the gutter, grabbed again and flung into her muddy and bleeding face, before I fell into a dirty disused area, hidden from sight in the noisome gloom of that loathsome pit.

And here, along with my unrecognizable rose, I am left to molder and decay, without a trace of beauty left to bear witness to the brief, dazzling glory of a happy past.

HAMBLIN MAPLESEN.

A Girl's Letter.

My dear Edith:

I have sinned. I know it. I humbly acknowledge it. I should not have kept you waiting at Huyler's, after the matinee Saturday. But the curtain did not go down until after our engagement, and Kitty persuaded me to make a tour of the shops with her. I am weak, you know, and as I thought you would have become tired of waiting, and as I have written so much about pretty things recently, I have had time for nothing else and am in a condition, similar to that of Miss Flora McFlimsy, who always had "nothing to wear," I yielded.

We took an automobile and toddled merrily up the avenue. It was a lovely drive, and as we passed the park I stopped the cab and ordered him to go to Francis'. We thought we might as well begin at a first-class place.

I was almost sorry when we came to Sixtieth street, and pulled up (or in a horseless trap should one say handled, or cranked up?) at No. 16 East.

The location is delightful. Right in the heart of the wealthiest portion of the city. It is directly opposite the Metropolitan Club (called "The Millionaires' Club," by snobs). Kitty wanted to bow to a man she happened to know, sitting in the window of the club. *Entre nous*, Kitty has posed as being frank and original, till she is bad form.

We were met by Mr. Francis, who personally supervises everything. He was with several noted firms in London and Rome, you know, and for three years was head cutter and fitter at Everall Bros. We felt that it would be safe to leave things in his hands entirely. He showed us a number of novelty goods, and the newest shades for linings—these are pale tints and half tones. Kitty ordered a blue Oxford cloth, flecked with grey, lined with pale blue. The skirt is to be made with the new box plait. The collar and revers of silver fox.

Then we went over to inspect the stock of Rothstein, No. 464 Columbus avenue. Correct things in tailor gowns and furs we found here. After this we concluded to go to

O. Haas Bros., No. 381 Fifth avenue. They are always good style, you know. Kitty wanted to see a model of their "costume for a rainy day, though not a rainy-day gown." This sounded like a paradox. The material is black waterproof, and it is awfully stunning. Kitty knows how to dress, and where to go for her clothes, even her worst enemy will admit that. I fell so in love with the gown I ordered one. The skirt is plain, with the plait, of course, and the jacket is short, round and double-breasted. I'll bet you get one when you see it.

That settled, Kitty gave the order: "To Paul Dominik's, No. 1383 Broadway."

Here we found everything pretty and fashionable in the fur line. The prices were remarkably moderate, considering the cut and style. You know how crazy Kitty is about furs—like all Southern girls. So I left her, and went to the elevator, and asked for J. Kleinberger. The latest things in habits, golf costumes and bicycle gowns are to be seen here. I selected a lovely double-faced goods, brown on top, half tones of same on reverse side, for a wheel gown. It is to be five inches from ground. The skirt can be worn inside out if I like. The jacket is short, double-breasted, and scalloped around the bottom.

At Bergdorf & Voigt's, No. 125 Fifth avenue, we stayed a disgracefully long time. The evening wraps, the theatre capes and the tailor gowns were dreams of loveliness.

Then "just to see if we were right" we went to E. Weingreen, No. 786 Broadway. For furs go to Weingreen is a motto in the fashionable world. Their line is alluring. Such lovely mantles, longer behind than in front, you know, such swell jackets, and such style to everything. There were the nobbiest little Persian lamb jackets, and handsome mantles, and the dearest affairs for the neck—charming little confections in fur and lace.

By this time you can guess I was tired. We fell in the café across the street and had dinner.

Yours,

POLLY.

P. S.—Next day. I forgot to tell you what you underscored so especially. I never attempt to deny what goes so far to make up the comic editor's livelihood—that the important part of a woman's letter is the postscript.

You wanted to know about the stiffening in tailor gowns.

A leading tailor said to me, during my tour, yesterday:

"It is a sad not to line the skirts to heavy tailor gowns. In our fifty, sixty and eighty dollar suits we are putting no lining in the skirts. The material is firm and heavy enough not to stretch, and there is no need for a lining, which may add to the weight."

You see the skirt is cut to flare at side and back, but at the same time must fall with a clinging, graceful effect. When there is no lining, and no stiffening, and the gowns are as long as they are, a woman looks as classic and majestic as the Goddess of Liberty.

When a lining is used a little stiffening may be put in, but never more than a band of about five or six inches. Even the dust ruffles are being discarded by the would be classic maid, but I think this is a mistake, as they are a stunning frame for a pretty foot.

And, by the way, you will have to stand in front of your long mirror and practice how to hold up your plait skirt. The disgraceful way women wrapped their habit back gowns about them has been banished, and if you think such a small point as the lifting

of the skirt or holding a parasol does not stamp a woman up to date, or a back number, you are mistaken. The thumb is placed under the first fold of the plait about five inches from the waist. The fingers spread over the top of the plait. The gown is firmly grasped, and lifted, the back of the hand resting nearly at the waist line in the back. This turns the bottom of the gown out a trifle, shows the lining, and a *souçon* of the petticoat.

Kitty has just been in with a small messenger boy in tow, carrying the sealskin she got in Paris last year. She said she was on her way to S. Brown, of 572 Fifth avenue. He makes a specialty of doing over furs, in addition to his own tailoring and fur department, and the results are satisfactory always.

E. Kumke, of No. 134 West Twenty-third street, has a line of furs that you would do well to look at before you order, and whatever you do, see B. Schulick, No. 10 West Thirty-fifth street, ask him to show you something swagger in reception and tailor gowns. For your bridesmaid's gown you could not go to a better place. He has added furs, you know, to his establishment.

The golf skirt you admired so much in the October number of PICTORIAL REVIEW, on page 4, can be found at Stadler & Falk's, No. 535 Fifth avenue.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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AND

Shirt Makers



IN SPITE of the fact that the Vanderbilts, Goellets, and Whitneys will not be represented at the Horse Show, and the number of young society matrons, amongst others, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. T. Hitchcock, Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Mrs. Jack Livermore and Mrs. R. Stevens, will probably miss this social function on account of certain interesting family events, there is still a sufficient number of beautiful and fashionable women to give *eclat* to the scene and make the Horse Show this year as brilliant and gay as it has ever been. Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, with a bevy of beautiful women, including Mrs. George Law, Mrs. Joseph Widener, Mrs. W. E. Carter, the various Misses Goulds, Mrs. O. Iselin, Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhineland, Mrs. Adolph Laddenberg, Mrs. Herman Duryea, Mrs. Albert Stevens, Mrs. Lee Taylor, and a host of others too numerous to mention, are all there outdazzling and out-rivalling each other in gorgeous gowns and finery *chanteclair* in every detail.

Outside of these the women exhibitors will make a fair showing. For instance, Mrs. Frank K. Sturges, Miss Edith Colford, Miss Mary Alice Van Nest, Mrs. B. M. Fuller, Mrs. H. L. Clark and Mrs. Walter Watson.

A number of women will ride their own horses. Mrs. H. H. Good, Mrs. Paulding, Miss Henrietta Weatherbee, Miss Gladys Lawton, Mrs. G. B. Whitcomb, Miss Marion Holloway, and many others.

Amongst the distinguished visitors we found there is Lady Mary Sackville, the Duke of Manchester. Lady Mary is to be Mrs. George Gould's guest at Lakewood for quite a time this season. The bond of union between these two women is their enthusiastic love of all things theatrical. Lady Mary is one of the best amateur actresses in England, quite equal, if not superior, of that much talked of beauty, Miss Muriel Wilson. It is to be hoped that her visit this time will be more lucky than was her last, for, in the

first place she had her fingers crushed in a railroad train when on the point of starting, and next, she was frightened almost to death by the fire that took place near the Gould residence in Fifth avenue.

As to the social functions this week, in the shape of dinners, luncheons and suppers, they follow each other in bewildering variety. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel of Philadelphia have cards out for some extra dinners and luncheons, as also Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. The latter always does things well, although more economically than any other society woman in New York. Mrs. Oelrichs knows everything that goes on from garret to cellar in her palatial residence, and may be seen any morning trotting off, bright and early, plainly clothed, to do her own marketing. Mrs. Oelrichs is certainly the most indefatigable worker amongst society women, yet always manages to look bright and amiable. Her excitable Irish temperament aiding her principally in this.

So many women are talking of taking up coaching now, that it seems no longer an unusual accomplishment. Mrs. John Sloane's daughter, Miss Evelyn Sloane, has been driving much of late in the Berkshires, as also Mrs. Joseph T. Tower, and, of course, Miss Kate Cary, the best coach driver in America, has been a conspicuous element of life at Lenox, with her new grey wheelers and bay leaders, handling the ribbons with a skill that fairly beggars description. Miss Kate Cary boasts of never having had an accident, although she has been in many run-aways. She is most daring, and although a magnificent whip, still quite a number of her friends dread when they receive invitations for a trip on her coach, and if they have at all a decent excuse, invariably refuse.

Miss Marion Haven is turning out quite an expert at coach driving, and aims at being Miss Kate Cary's equal. Last year this lucky young lady came in for a large fortune, that of a half-brother, Richard Suydan Palmer. The Cortlandt-Palmer family were naturally somewhat disappointed over the will, for both Mary Suydan and Eva Palmer fully expected to get a large share of the estate. Somehow the Cortlandt-Palmers don't seem to have any luck. Eva Palmer was to have married George Vanderbilt, but the match didn't come off. Cortlandt Palmer

started out to rival Paderewski, but two of his concerts, although under Seidl's direction, were more or less of a *fiasco*, and May Palmer, one of the most loveable and charming girls, whose hobby is charitable work, seems to get little or no good out of life.

At Lenox, this season, Miss Haven was unusually sought after, for, outside of her wealth, she is remarkably bright, vivacious and pretty, but, best of all now-a-days, a real sports-woman. She certainly came next to Miss Kate Cary in four-in-hand driving, and tooled her coach through the Berkshire Hills in quite brilliant fashion.

Miss Marion Haven was to have come out last season, but Riche Palmer's death prevented this. Besides Miss Haven the other debutantes this season are: Miss Rita Iselin, Miss Ella de Peyster, Miss Harriet Delafield, Miss Natalie Wells, Miss Nora Iselin, Miss Fish, Miss Burden, the Misses Bryce, Miss Barker, Miss Anna Dodge, Miss Ethel Hollins, Miss Garner and Miss Mary Wagstaff. Most of these young girls are wealthy; many of them are pretty, and all of them are eager to join the social fray.

Miss May Callender and Miss Caroline De Forrest are back from Europe in their apartment on East 72nd street, in the Tiffany Building. As usual they are to give quite a number of musical parties, and are even hoping to have Paderewski as an attraction for one. Miss Clara Butt, too, who brings a letter of introduction from Lady de Grey and Mrs. Ronalds, will be heard at their reception, as also that most brilliant young artist, Miss Clara Mills. Then, of course, various members of the Metropolitan Opera Company will sing as usual during the season, and there is no doubt the Callender-de Forrest musicales will be without a rival, so far as social entertainment goes.

The Gerry girls have never been better dressed than at this Horse Show, and we see now why the Commodore had troubles at the Custom House each day. Their gowns have been greatly admired and frequently changed, yet they have some which we are not to see until the Derby-Tucker wedding on the 28th. Mrs. Ogilvie Haig's daughter, by her first marriage, Miss Caroline Drayton, will be a bridesmaid at this wedding, as also Miss Marion Haven, Miss Justina Cutting, Miss Elouise Derby and Miss Marion Peabody.

The Gerry ball-room, next to the Astor ball-room, of course, will be about the best private dancing ball-room open to New York this season. It is especially pleasant, owing to the art gallery adjoining, which makes such a delightful strolling place between dances. The Gerrys are to entertain largely and society is sure of at least one brilliant ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.,

have taken up their residence in Mrs. Richard Irvin's house, No. 12 West 36th street. The house is small, but it is one of the coziest in town. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt (Grace Wilson) have spent a winter in this residence and confess they were never more comfortable in their lives.

The T. J. Oakley Rhinelanders, who have been in Lakewood lately, as their residence, 34 West 52nd street, was being thoroughly overhauled, are now back and are about to issue invitations to a large dinner party and cards to reception.

At the residence of Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan we are to have a series of French talks every Tuesday afternoon in December, and every Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. E. Dodge in January, and in February, on the same day, at the residence of Mrs. William Osborne.

That society is bent on not being too frivolous is shown by the organization so early in the season of a John Sebastian Bach Society. Mrs. Dave Huener being President.

The opera subscriptions are larger this season than ever before, and this amusement promises to be more fashionable, if that is possible, this winter than last. Mr. Grau has very few novelties to offer, but his array of singers is magnificent, and the chorus and orchestra have been thoroughly overhauled for the season. It is to be hoped that his management will show a little more judgment and go to a little more expense in stage decoration and scenery, and especially in costumes. The costumes at the Metropolitan Opera House worn by the choruses are at times deplorably *mediocre*, and almost invariably incorrect.

That much abused young man, the Duke of Manchester, who has been reported from time to time as being engaged to Maxine Elliot's sister, has got the theatrical craze like his brother peer, the Earl of Yarmouth. Since Mrs. Jack Bloodgood and Miss Elsie de Wolfe went on the stage, and as both of them has made quite a success of it, numerous society favorites are now down with the same fever. Various theatrical entertainments are being planned, but the Fred Piersons are likely to get their entertainment in first. Miss Daisy Pierson is probably one of the best all-round girls we have. She is greatly in demand as a dinner girl, and no matter how many debutantes come and go, Daisy Pierson, unlike all other girls of her age, alone seems to hold her place in social favor.

The William K. Vanderbilt's have had quite a dull time in England. The formality and coldness of the reception at Blenheim Palace somewhat wounded the susceptible feelings of Mrs. William K. who is all spontaneous good nature and of a most hospitable temperament. The Duchess of Marlborough has changed

Continued on page 27.

GOOD TASTE

...IN...

FURS

IT IS NOT, unfortunately, possessed by everyone; but good judgment concerning the most advantageous establishment to patronize is a more common faculty, and can, in a measure, fill the place of the first named gift.

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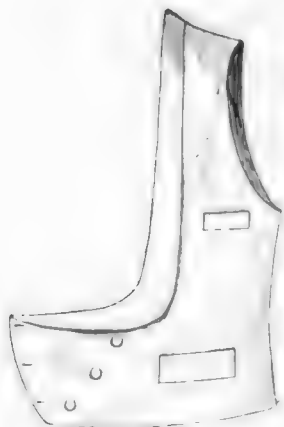
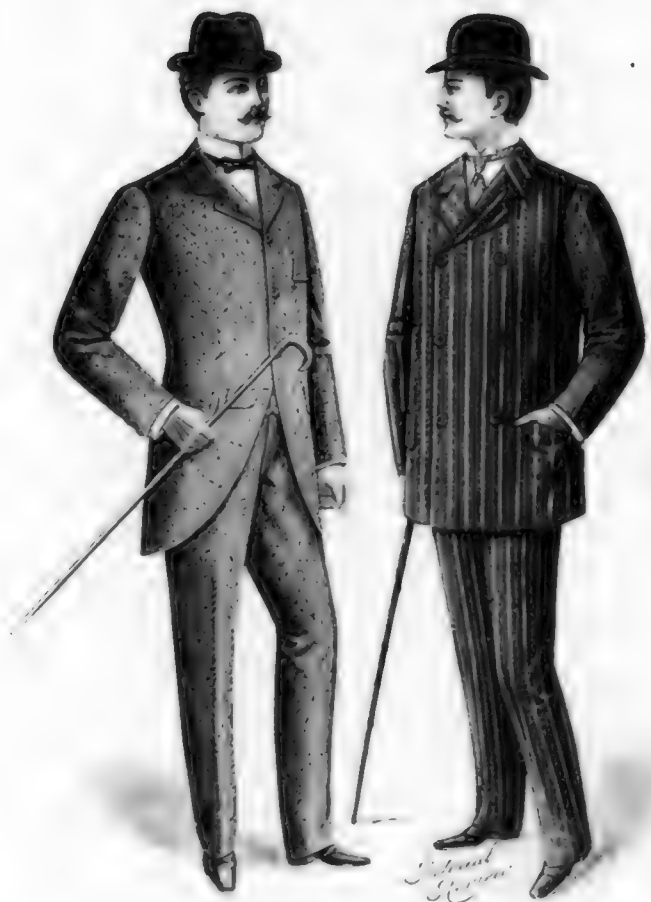
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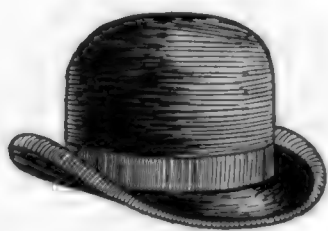
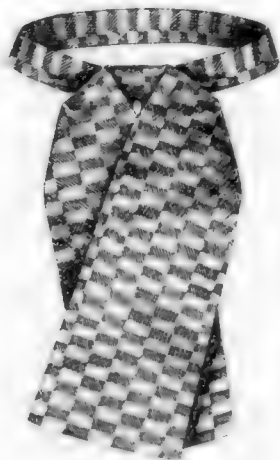
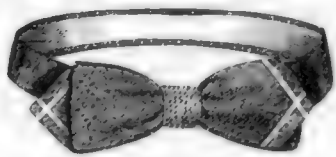
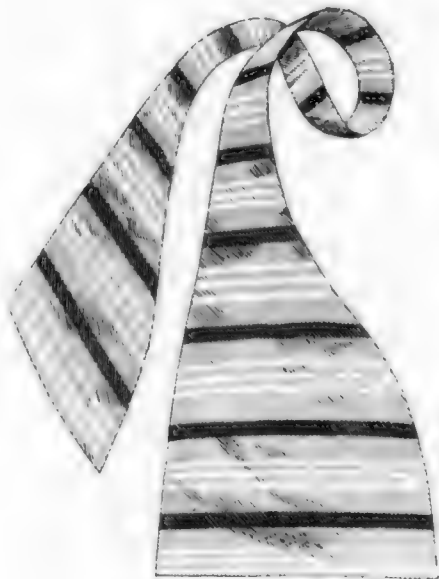
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The satisfaction of our patrons is our guarantee of perfect workmanship.



Men's Furnishings.



THE most popular materials for men's clothes this season are vicunas, cheviots, striped worsteds and tweeds.

A stylish suit pictured here and sketched at Benjamin's is of dark brown, striped with tan. The coat is made with the seamless back, and the trousers are the latest cut.

The trousers to all well tailored suits this season, by a curious coincidence, follow the rules laid down by women's tailors. They fit snugly to the knees and flare at the feet.

The cutaway suit is of tweed. The waist is a trifle longer than those of last season, and the skirt is longer, in proportion.

There is no change in the frock coats, and the regulation dark striped trousers for afternoon. A man could wear those ordered early last season, and be well dressed.

If there is any difference in the dinner or Tuxedo coat, it is a trifle longer, but the change is hardly perceptible. The lapels are plain, or slightly notched, as shown in the coat illustrating this article.

Several youths who have gained a bit of undesirable notoriety by being written of in the dailies as "best dressed men in town," have tried to introduce absurdly short waisted evening coats, of the Empire period. But they were rejected, or rather ignored, by all men who are good form.

American men do not take kindly to the Inverness, but wear over their evening clothes "The Raglan" coat, of either black waterproof cloth or broadcloth, the former preferred. This one shown on this page was sketched at Benjamin's, and is ultra fashionable.

Waistcoats are higher, very decidedly higher. For evening wear they are U shaped, double breasted, and with three or four buttons according to the height of the wearer.

A few tailors have tried to make enamelled gold or jewelled buttons popular for white waistcoats. But the scheme has failed.

Black waistcoats are higher even than the white ones. The waistcoats of glaring colors for morning is spoken of in the past tense.

A comfortable golf vest is of green knitted wool, with sleeves of green silk. The golf coats have collars and cuffs of green velvet.

The shirt for evening wear has a wider bosom, and the cuffs must be attached. The striped shirts are worn still with morning clothes.

Ties are of all varieties. Of course the white string ties for evening clothes, and the black bat wings for dinner coats are as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, but for informal dress great liberty is allowed the ties. Blue and black stripe is a favorite.

There is a decided change in hats. These were sketched at Youmans. The crown to the derby is rounder, not so full, and the curl is wider. The brim has "more set" to it. The silk hats are lower and more bell shaped. The brim is about the same. For the Tuxedo coat or general use the Alpine is worn. It has no binding on the brim, which is tipped towards the face. A black felt Alpine, with brim of black corded silk is shown for dinner coats, but they are not necessary to the man correctly dressed.



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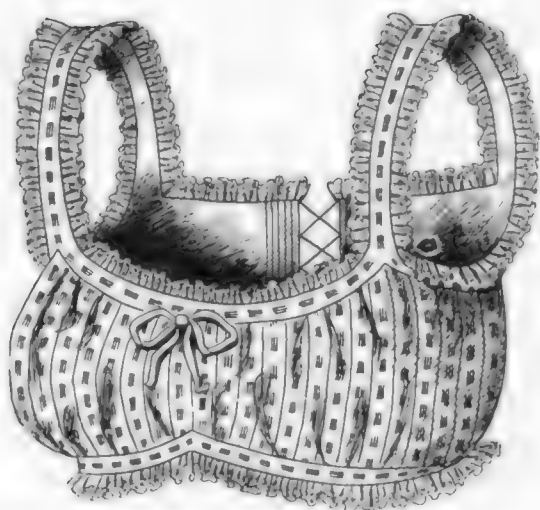
LADIES' TAILOR AND HABIT MAKER

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Latest imported styles always on hand



that ghastly affair of bone, steel and wire, that can be called nothing but an armor, unless it be torture.

At the end of the eighteenth century, Josephine made quick disposal of corsets, and the "Empire gown," necessitated a short bodice, which was somewhat of an infringement on the patent of the Greek ladies.

The corset of to-day is a thing of beauty as well as comfort, and as dainty a bit as my lady has in her wardrobe. She studies whether her waist needs shortening or lengthening, she observes whether her hips are too narrow or too broad and she selects her corsets accordingly. There is a startling departure in this line. The fronts of the new corsets are very straight. They are almost convex, in fact. Our artist in Paris has sketched a corset at the establishment of Vernet, No. 20 rue Royale. It is rose coutil, with fall of lace threaded with green satin ribbon. The busk comes just below the waist.

Most of the American corsets are short on the hips, to allow the hip muscles to have full play and show themselves to the best advantage, since the gowns seem cut with this one purpose in view. A pretty affair is of lavender silk, embroidered in purple flowers. There is a fall of lace about the top, and a jabot down the front.

An attractive corset is a series of white heading run with pink ribbons.

For the Empire evening gowns, or a house gown, the tiny bust supporters are used a great deal. They are of silk or lawn, and end just below the bust with a draw string of ribbon, and have two short whale bones in the back.

The ribbon corsets find much favor. They are of four wide bands of ribbon, with two steels in front, and six bones at the side.

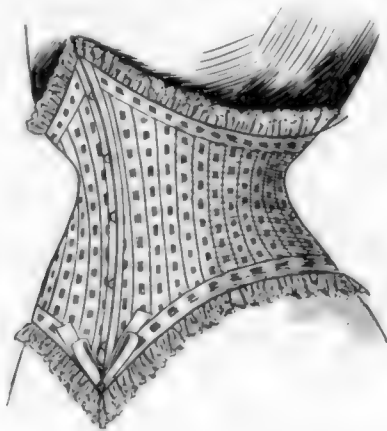
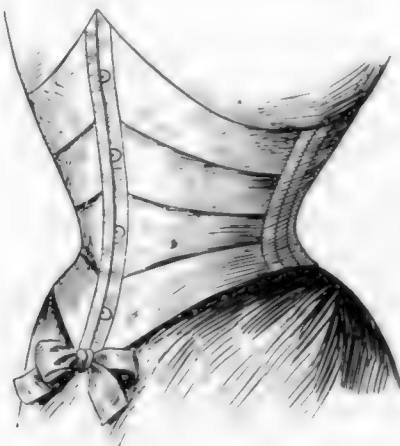
About Corsets.

A GOOD FIGURE is the aim and ambition of every woman. What matters it if her tailor is a real genius—the effect is lost if correct contours have to be supplied by him entirely. He can assist nature with great skill, but he must not be expected to lay the foundation and build the structure too. Every woman knows that her figure depends largely upon her corset. This she grasped early in History. It is possible that Mme. Eve fitted her fig-leaf gown over a corset made of banana leaves, laced with ribbon grass.

The first authentic corset, however, is that of the early Greeks and Romans, who after centuries of luxurious living began to lean towards *embonpoint*. Their idea of beauty was a slight, *élancée* figure. Martial ridiculed fat women, and Ovid thought a large waist a cure for love. So the women of the day devised a series of bandages to which they gave the generic name of *fasciæ mamillares*. The band across the bust was called *stropium*, the one below the bust *tena*, and the one at the waist *zona*. Homer speaks of Juno dressing to attract the wandering affections of her lord, and calls attention to her girdle with gold fringe, and a belt she borrowed from Venus. This referred to the Grecian corset, and Virgil's mention of the egide of Minerva may be interpreted in the same manner.

Men were not guiltless of beautifying themselves by such artifices. Capitoline speaks of Emperor Antony "repressing the swelling of his body with bands." When the luxury of the times was replaced by barbarism, the bandages were discarded. After Europe emerged from the cloud, once more, Isabeau de Baviere, Queen of Charles VI, introduced tight linen girdles. These were worn by the men of the court, also.

The whalebone was used in France first by Catherine de Medici, but England went a step further and Elizabeth inflicted upon her women





PANORAMA OF THE SWISS VILLAGE.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION OF 1900, IN PARIS.

CHAPTER III.

TO THE right of the Champ de Mars as one enters by the Pont d'Iena almost on a line with the Salle des Fêtes and Palais d'Électricité on the Avenue Suffren side twenty-one thousand metres have been devoted to a site wherein Switzerland *en miniature* will be represented. Two artists from Geneva, Messrs. C. Henneberg and J. Allemand have been devoting a large share of their energies for months past to this difficult task, and what was but a short time ago a nightmare of wooden frames of gigantic size has now developed into pasture land, valleys, mountains and picturesque chalets, making a lovely picture of that lovely country to which art and poetry have paid so many glowing tributes.

On paper the idea seems somewhat absurd for any country in the world, perhaps, could be easier represented than Switzerland, however it is always the accomplishment of the apparently impossible that has greatest charm to ambitious minds, and it would seem as if the uniform ideas of the workers in the Paris Exposition lay in this direction. The ingenuity of Messrs. Henneberg and Allemand in developing the scheme of Switzerland in Paris seems the equal to any hitherto displayed.

Six hundred peasants in their national costumes as well as plants, trees and animals will be imported from Switzerland, and to give reality to the scene the visitor will find the

music, arts, industries and customs peculiar to the Swiss as a people adequately represented. The various structure of interest, chalets, inns, chateaus and churches are already executed with close exactness and success.

One-half, perhaps two-thirds, of those who are to visit the Exposition know only of Switzerland through the medium of hearsay and books.

Such persons will certainly gain an idea of the country as it actually is without effort and perhaps because of the condensed area more accurately than the average tourist who is apt to confuse things when comparing from memory. At the Swiss village nothing will be lacking as regards a vivid picture of the country, but the air, the exorbitant penalties of avaricious hotel keepers, and, alas, the sunset and color scheme generally. The gorgeous ethereal, beauty of atmosphere and light no-

where known outside of Switzerland are as impossible of imitation as the grander and more sublime beauties of nature always are. It is folly, perhaps, to point out this latter defect, for of those who will visit the exposition, few are artistic enough to miss it. Many a tourist has laboriously climbed the peaks and braved the dangers of the glaciers to see the sun rise, and if he succeeded in seeing this, which by the way seldom happens, has wondered to himself what there was to be seen and dare so much for, the grandeur of all being utterly lost on him. The average individual cares more for customs and peasant costumes, quaint or unfamiliar architecture, and change of scene than he does for color schemes and the deeper poetry of nature. To such the Swiss village at the Paris Exposition will answer all and every purpose.

That the representation will be

exact in every detail, a glance at the principal entrance to this department of the Exposition, the two towers of Berne, will prove. Everything, too, is in its place, something quite remarkable on so small a site. Curious edifices, old houses, quaint bits and corners in this town or that, all are faithfully copied, and even the artistic wood carvings and decorations are true in the most minor details. Every mountain peak is life-like and each costumed peasant is placed in his or her own particular home surroundings. The Alpine horn will stir the echoes as at home, and the Ranche des Vaches sound as sweetly as it does in Oberland or Thun.

The old feudal chateau of Chilnaux at Estavayer on Lake Neuchatel, a masterpiece of masonry, forms another entrance on the Avenue de la Motte Piequet to the Exposition.

The idea of this Switzerland *en miniature* is certainly unique and gives visitors a great chance to study the various points of interest and the many styles of Swiss architecture so quaint, so picturesque, so original. All the best examples of old houses in Berne, Geneva, Thun, Moret and in the cantons of Fribourg and Zurich, with their beautiful decorative woodwork, rich mural paintings and sculptures, are there to be seen and studied at leisure without the fatigue and expense of travel.

One of the most striking and remarkable features of the Exposition will be the reproduction of the Hotel de Ville of Zug, in the Canton Saint-Gall and Berne, a perfect example of Gothic art dating back to the year 1503.



TELL'S CHAPEL.



CHATEAU CHILNAUX.

Another example of curious architecture is the Church at Wurzburg, near Thun, with its marvellous ceiling of woodwork, in which the designs have been burned by fire.

A relief from all this artistic delight is afforded in the curious little inn at Bourg Saint-Pierre where Napoleon lunched in the May of 1800, when going with his army into Italy and on his return after his victory at Marengo. The interior is reproduced exactly as Napoleon saw it, even the chair he used forms part of its furniture and will doubtless be an object of much interest to patriotic Frenchmen. The little inn, as modest in appearance as any to be found in all Switzerland, nevertheless bears the grandiose title over its humble portal "Hôtel du Déjeuner de Napoléon Premier."

The visitor can wander from one Alpine village to another, finding himself amid the rocks, streams, pasture lands, trees and flowers peculiar to each canton. Even that far-famed snow flower, the Edelweiss, may be studied *en nature*. All the rustic loveliness of vale and field, all the grandeur of mountain and glacier that makes Switzerland so enchanting, will be about him. "How," the credulous will ask. But that is the secret of Messieurs Henneberg and Allemand, and an answer can only be had by a visit next year to the place of the miracle.

William Tell's chapel on the borders of the lake of the Four Cantons will be a point of interest dear to all, yet, will be but one in a multitude of historic edifices reproduced.

As to the principal cascade or waterfall, the architects promise us something astonishing. Four million metres of water will be consumed daily in its fall. This mass of water doubtless proving one of the great wonders of this section.

Altogether the scheme really seems impossible when we think that rocks and mountains, streams and pastures, glaciers and valleys are reproduced on a foundation of wood. The trees and flowers will grow on the soil, and several head of cattle browse on the slopes of the hill as they do at home. Certainly it is hard to estimate the colossal ingenuity and patience required for such a scheme.

The life of the Swiss peasant, picturesque in spite of its hard toil, will go on under the eyes of visitors. The feeding and milking of the flocks, the making of butter and cheese, all the secrets of dairy work can here be studied exactly as in Switzerland itself. Even the various types of animals peculiar to the country, cows, goats and chamois, will here make their home. Cows from the Canton of Fribourg, the speckled, black and white variety, with large horns, the points of these black, will excite the interest and admiration of the agriculturist visitor. Even the mysteries of cheese-making, a jealously guarded secret, we are promised will be shown.

In the cottages, the peasant girls, in their bright and quaint costumes, will work as steadily as at home. Lace makers of all kinds and embroiderers will ply their trades under our eyes, every opportunity being given the visitor for study and instruction in this feminine industry.

Amongst Swiss handicrafts, of course, wood carving takes first place. It is well known that in Switzerland this industry has been brought to the highest perfection, the Swiss being without rivals in Europe. These master craftsmen can tell whole histories in wood, their ingenuity and *finesse* in execution being marvellous.

Then there will be straw plaiting to be examined and admired. Peasants' work, all of it, done in their own homes, far from the bustle and din of towns and factories. Pottery, too, will be an object of interest, particularly that of Thun.

As to the peasant costumes, a

book could be written of description. It will doubtless surprise many to see the richness of velvets, silks and fine linen, exquisite filigree jewelry, fine laces and embroideries which these peasants sport in everyday life. Many, too, will wonder at the ease with which the peasant women bend and move about, encased as their figures invariably are, in velvet corsets.

In all probability after Parisian coiffures have studied the many and various styles worn by the fair Swiss maidens, the mode of hair dressing will be revolutionized for Parisian mondaines, for no people are quicker to seize on new ideas and adapt them into their own than the workman artist of Paris.

The various village fêtes will take place at this Exposition just as they do at home. Maidens and rustics will dance and sing, even as they do at eventide in their own beautiful valleys. They will yodel and make merry, and lead the every-day mountain life of the Swiss peasant, so toilsome, yet, in its own way, so beautiful.

Those who know the Rigi, Mont Pilatus, placid Lake Lemman, and the thousand and one beautiful spots in that wonderful land we know as Switzerland, will certainly be astonished at the imitation really gigantic in its attempt. Imitations generally jar on the nerves of the finer individual, but it will not be so in this case.

Taking it altogether the Swiss Village is a marvellous work, demanding our instant admiration and astonishment.

(To be continued.)



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Horse Show Notes.

FOR several years writers for a certain class of society papers, have tried to decry the Horse Show. The ignorance and stupidity of such a thing is too self-evident a proposition to be discussed. The arena presents this year, as brilliant a kaleidoscope, and as gorgeous a chaos of color, as it is possible for the human mind to conceive. Among the entries are the names of men and women who are powers in the artistic, political, and social worlds. Those who have helped to make the Horse Show what it is, are exhibitors, and among the new ones are:

E. F. Brownell, Irving Brokaw, Randall P. Barron, R. K. Cassatt, Robert Bacon, Miss L. A. Benedict, Melville H. Bearns, F. K. Burnham, Herman Broesel, F. L. Colwell, Richard Croker, Mrs. S. H. Cruikshank, Miss H. L. Clark, Charles Coster, W. A. Clark, Matt S. Cohen, Hugh J. Chisholm, Dr. Edward F. Duffy, R. D. Evans, J. P. Etton, A. C. Pennock, Miss Ada P. Railey, O'Day Ronald, George F. Stevens, P. W. Schildwachter, James F. Shaw, James D. Smyth, Mrs. Frank W. Sturgis, Maurice Sichel, Miss Gladys E. Thomas, Mrs. Thomas M. Turner, A. Vervaeke, Miss Mary Allen Van Nest, Walter Watson, Jr., Isidor Wormser, Jr., William Wilson, John Wahl, Woodford Farm,

George S. Woodman, J. H. Forest, Mrs. B. M. Fuller, R. A. Fairbairn, Louis Goldsticker, George F. Gilman, Mrs. H. C. Groome, Graham Brothers, Mrs. John Russell Gladding, D. R. Hanna, Captain J. R. Hegeman, Miss James, R. Jackson, Ira Kip, Jr., P. C. Knox, W. C. Lusk, Thomas W. Lawson and J. Grant Lyman.

THE BOXES.

The auction sale of the boxes was a brilliant affair in itself. Several well-known women were present. Among them Mrs. Herman Oel-

de Almagre, \$150; J. H. Alexandre, \$160; Aug. Heckscher, \$150; H. L. Burnett, \$325; T. L. Park, \$150; F. H. Benedict, \$225; James T. Hyde, \$220; J. N. Conyngnam, \$165; H. C. Arents, \$180; O. G. Jennings, \$290; W. A. Hamilton, \$185; Joseph Stickney, \$280; F. K. Sturgis, \$275; G. J. Bascom, \$360; Sydney J. Smith, \$300; I. Wormser, Jr., \$300; M. D. Collier, \$200; T. W. Lawson, \$300; R. F. Carman, \$250; E. T. Gerry, \$375; George Crocker, \$310; W. L. Elkins, \$375; Mrs. Oelrichs, \$310; H. L. Hoyt, \$260; James T. Hyde, \$300; E. F. Hyde, \$220;



Morgan, reserved; F. K. Sturgis, reserved; Colonel Lawrence Kip, reserved; Frederic Bronson, reserved; A. N. Morris, reserved; W. B. Bannigan, \$400; A. J. Cassatt, reserved; G. P. Wetmore, reserved; David Lapsley, \$400; Madison Square Garden Directors, reserved; Samuel Willets, \$265; Henry Seligman, \$275; A. C. Bostwick, \$230; H. W. Cary, \$210; Thomas Johnson, \$195; T. J. McBride, \$180; J. U. Stevens, \$410; F. A. Hammond, \$290; G. P. Morosini, \$375; E. N. Youmans, \$190; Dr. W. E. Woodend, \$150; W. A. Tyson, \$175; G. L. Boissevain, \$150; W. J. Glenn, \$160; S. C. Harriot, \$170; J. N. Macdonough, \$150; Howard Willets, \$190; H. P. Whitaker, \$150; T. J. McBride, \$175; G. F. Gilmore, \$160; J. Lee Tailer, \$215; T. Suffern Tailer, \$200; C. F. Brown, \$200; W. R. Stewart, \$205; C. M. Chapin, \$225; J. W. Miller, \$200; Harry H. Good, \$75; E. Berry Wall, \$85; Marin Le Brun Cooper, \$75; J. R. Townsend, \$75; J. R. Townsend, \$75; J. W. Miller, \$75; J. F. A. Clark, \$75; H. P. Whitaker, \$75; Theo. W. Myers, \$75; T. J. McBride, \$80; F. F. Peters, \$60; G. Chesterman, \$75; C. A. Baudouine, \$75; A. C. Washington, \$75.

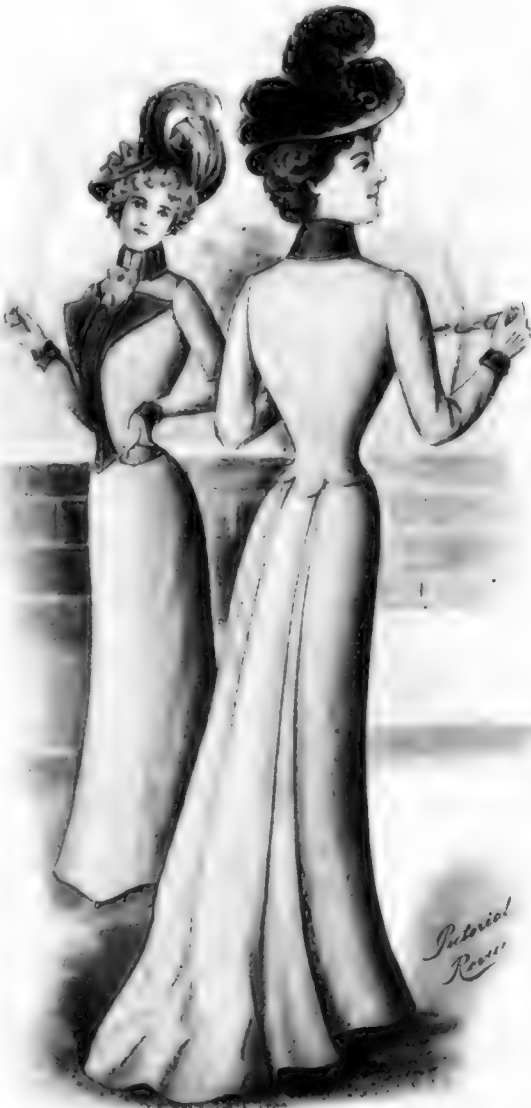
THE GOWNS.

The gowns are triumphs of the milliner's art. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont wore on the opening night one of the handsomest gowns ever seen in New York. The skirt was broadtails, bordered with a wide piece of white broadcloth, embroidered in gold. A similar piece marked the top of the skirt. The waist is an Eton jacket, edged with a fold of cloth, embroidered in gold, and finished with a bias ruffle of the cloth.

riches, wearing a charming gown of grey Oxford cloth, with trimming of silver fox; Mrs. Cornelius Fellowes, Mrs. T. H. Benedict and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. The sale of the boxes went with a snap and a dash that was most flattering to the association.

J. S. Bache paid for his box, \$150; Henry Allen, \$185; G.

P. C. Knox, \$400; Golet Gallatin, \$310; G. C. Tyson, \$300; P. A. B. Widener, \$375; O. H. P. Belmont, \$450; F. K. Sturgis, \$375; H. H. Hollister, reserved; F. K. Sturgis, \$385; F. August Schermierhorn, reserved; J. G. Kecksher, reserved; Cornelius Fellowes, reserved; Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., reserved; W. C. Whitney, reserved; E. D.





The hat is of broadtail, with brim of white chiffon, from it sweep five black ostrich tips.

A handsome gown, imported by Wanamaker, and worn by a well-known box holder, is grey mirror velvet, appliqued with grey satin, stitched with a gold thread. There are three flounces of plain grey velvet on the skirt, the tunic is slashed nearly to the hips, and falls loosely from a yoke of plain velvet. The hat is of grey velvet, appliqued with the satin design.

Mrs. Arthur Taylor was wearing a charming toilette of grey spangles, embroidered in a floral design in



darker spangles, dashed to black in places. The hat was chinchilla with a knot of blue velvet.

Mrs. T. L. Park was seen in a gown of black broadcloth, draped over a petticoat of white cloth, embroidered in black. The coat was a cutaway, with revers of white cloth, embroidered in black. The hat was



white tulle, covered with black lace.

Miss Elizabeth Burden looked lovely in blue cloth appliqued with white liberty satin, the new fabric, so much used. The yoke spread on



the shoulders and formed the top cape of a series. The hat was blue fox with puffed fold of white satin, in which was fastened a paradise plume.

Mrs. Charles Pfizer was gowned in ivory silk veiled with a princess gown of Renaissance lace, finished with a Tom Thumb fringe of white satin. The flounce on the bottom of the skirt was accordion plaited chiffon, finished with lace, above which were two rows of the fringe. The sleeves were lace over silk to the elbow, then evolved to tucked chiffon. The hat was pink chiffon and lace, and ostrich tips.

Mrs. George Gould's gown was white silk under black net, inlaid with black lace. From one mosaic of lace to another ran bands of black velvet. The bottom flounces were white chiffon, the lower ones ruffled, and the top ones falling in points, from between the points of the net.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

The costumes, especially the coats worn in the afternoon, are equally as chic. Newmarkets, driving coats and box coats are seen in plenty.

Usually, they are of light cloth, with darker velvet collars. A handsome coat was of Persian lamb, cut in long points to the bottom, with revers of chinchilla. The mantles, short in front, and long behind, are very popular. The handsomest tailor gowns have a double box plait up the backs. The skirts are gored, and the plait is a separate piece, held in place by elastics. Often the plaits are stitched on the outer edge, to where they ripple and flare into the skirt.

But whether it is afternoon or evening, the game is worth the candle of admission. The arena presents a curious sight. The railing of the boxes is like the thin line that marks the place where the sea recedes from the sands of the shore.

To the railings the sands may come, and no further. Occasionally an over-presumptuous grain of sand may hear an occupant of a box say "How do" to a person of equal social importance.

It is very amusing to see the mob crowd up to the boxes, point at and openly comment on the people therein. Yet no one would resent more than the mob that there is a social



line drawn in America. The mob of a republic is always snobbish, however, when it comes in the presence of people out of its sphere.

But the women whose gowns and social position go far towards furnishing material for the Sunday papers, affect an ignorance of the upturned faces that peer into their boxes, and if it amuses the people who are not even the fringe of society, to come and stare at them and imitate their gowns, no one cares to disturb or interfere with the amusement.

There are a few people present who are not in and do not care for society. There are bookmakers and racing men. There are sportsmen who care only for the horses. They see not the boxes, and would not care if there were no lights anywhere but in the ring. But these have the



railings that overlook the tan bark to themselves in undisputed ease. The average person rotates with face turned boxward.

After this week the season will be what the society writers call "in full swing," and the social world will settle down to its regular grind of teas, dinners, receptions, balls and operas.

It is rumored that Admiral Dewey and his fiancée will attend the show Friday evening. They will not have a box, but will try to escape notice as far as possible, and will be in the row of seats behind the boxes.

Every evening, after the show, the dining-rooms of the Waldorf, Sherry's and Delmonico's present a gala sight. They are a miniature Horse Show, or fashion show, if you prefer, in themselves. Here there is no assimilation of the two worlds. The social world eats its canvasback and terrapin with the point lace and velvet curtains drawn, and the view of the other world is shut out.

These little suppers at a public café are a dash of Bohemia, in which New York loves to indulge. They are most convenient, since few houses have been opened in the full sense of the word. The pictures are covered still, and drawing rooms are shrouded yet in their ghostly brown linen or oil silk.

Mrs. Arthur Taylor is one of the few whose quarters, for the season, are in order. Her handsome apartment at the Osborne, part of the Taylor estate, presented a charming appearance a few evenings ago, when a number of people from the Horse Show dropped in and announced their intention of staying to supper. The billiard room, being just off the music room, is a convenient place for an impromptu dance.

On the whole, from the sale of the boxes, to the present time, the Horse Show has been one of the most brilliant successes that the association has achieved in some time.





Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

Sketched at Wanmaker's.

Mrs. Arthur Taylor.

HANDSOME GOWNS IN



T. L. Park.

Miss Elizabeth Burden.

Mrs. Charles Pfizer.

Mrs. George Gould.

OWNS IN THE BOXES.



SO FAR, this season, the plays that have been failures have outnumbered the "hits," in the language of "the" profession. The rest of us may belong to a profession, if you like, but the actor, with his unparalleled conceit has appropriated to himself the more flattering article.

"The Girl in the Barracks" is on the right side of the division line. Miss Clara Lipman plays the girl with a sequins of shrugs and very French pouts, and some ultra French gowns (I hope, I am not invading the preserves of the fashion department by making honorable mention of these, "creations," as the ladies would call them) and a private's uniform, very well and artistically filled.

The play has lost none of its biting flavor by transplanting it to these shores. The situations are *risque*, and the *double entendres* are sublime in the naïve audacity. They frankly cast off all veils and fling themselves over the footlights with startling and Gatling gun rapidity.

The girl, an actress, has bet, the stakes to be devoted to charity and, incidentally, to furnish copy for her press agent, that she can spend twenty-four hours in the barracks. When asked why she does not marry one of the officers, she replies that she never carries a joke so far.

The *double entendres* have a fine opportunity in the scene in barracks, after the girl has donned her uniform, having assumed the name of a wealthy young Parisian, drafted to the army, and the common soldiers are about to haze her. The pleasant little methods they have chosen are shower baths, the application of leeches, *et cetera*. She is saved by a young lieutenant, to whom she confesses her sex.

Mr. Louis Mann has divorced himself from German dialect for a time, and has the part of a tottering old boulevardier, father to the boy drafted. Mr. Mann plays the part with his usual whimsical, delightful humor. He is superbly ridiculous throughout the entire play, but especially so as he announces that when his son produces an opera, bought from a struggling young composer, he will have a bust of Gounod made in the chocolate truffles, in which he has made his money.

The whole cast is well trained, especially Mr. Leighton Leigh, Mr.

Thornton Cole and Mr. Joseph Coyne.

For an enjoyable, frivolous evening one cannot do better than go to the Garrick, or rather the Madison Square, since the regiment has been ordered there, this week. Care and worry are checked at the door.

Mr. Clyde Fitch in "Barbara Frietchie" has departed from the regulation war drama. You all know it—final curtain with leading lady, always a Southern girl (never have I seen the hero a Confederate and the young woman from the North) in the arms of the youth wearing the blue of the Union, occupying the center of the stage, the stars and stripes waving over them, and the orchestra triumphantly pealing "Yankee Doodle."

Mr. Fitch has founded his play on Whittier's poem, but the play takes as many liberties with the poem as Whittier did with the truth. As a matter of fact Barbara Frietchie was not within a hundred miles of Fredericksburg when General Stonewall Jackson and his men passed through there, but that is a license of the poet and likewise the reporter for a yellow journal, who never let a little thing like veracity interfere with a good story. The Frietchies have denied the story time and again, and have declared, stoutly, that under the circumstances, if one of their race had waved a flag it would have been a Confederate one. But that is a mere detail.

Anyway, the incident, true or false, has given New York one of the most delightful plays of the season. This is faint praise, and it would be more courteous to Mr. Fitch to say for several seasons.

The first act is like a breath of beautiful, old-fashioned, Southern roses. It is dainty, subtle, and one of the cleverest bits this prolific, talented young author has done. It recalls more vividly to the men and women of the last generation the scenes they witnessed, and illustrates more clearly to this generation the true state of things of that unhappy time, than whole chapters of history could do. It shows the manners and customs of the old South, it tells how she laughed and danced on the precipice over which she was about to be flung. It is real. The actors are not puppets that have been trained by a stage manager whose knowledge of the South was gained during a tour with a road company. There is no attempt at a would-be imitation of the Southern accent, which is impossible to portray, even by the cleverest actors. That alleged Southern accent in the conventional

war-play irritates to desperation any one who knows the genuine thing.

The play ends with a Southern victory. The end of the war is but hinted at. Yet though the shouts of the triumphant rebels, is dimly shown, the South, proudly drawing her cloak over her wounds, and starved and dying doing the bravest act of that long, wonderful struggle, surrendering, rather than allow her sons to shed more blood for her in the uneven struggle.

The author disclaims, modestly, all intentions of writing a historical drama, yet it is a splendid picture of the period. It is a pretty, pathetic love story, daintily and gracefully told. One of the prettiest sentiments expressed is when Barbara tells her lover at parting: "The North and the South—they were betrothed in 1776. They will be married in 1876. This—why, this is but a lover's quarrel."

Julia Marlowe makes an ideal Barbara. She has grace, womanliness, tact, a delightfully expressive face, a voice that is soothingly sweet and an enormous fund of magnetism. If these do not give her the right to be termed a great actress, then no other living actress has the missing qualification.

Miss Julia Arthur is a clever and pretty woman, no one will dispute the latter, I am sure, but gifted with very much more money than judgment.

Handsome gowns, carefully selected Napoleonic furniture, and a fortune in bouquets handed over the footlights do not make a play, any more than one swallow manufactures a summer.

"More Than Queen" is beautiful to look at, but it is one of the most brilliant and gorgeous failures that this unlucky season has witnessed. The cast would disgrace the junior class of a dramatic school, and its instructors would be justified in withdrawing the play after the dress rehearsal.

With such scenery, the coronation scene is an exact copy of Louis David's famous painting, ordered by Napoleon, such costumes (not having an asbestos blotter on my desk, I do not venture to describe them. The ink would turn to flames and devour me) such a failure is unpardonable. The play is almost hopeless, and the cast anchored it in the ditch of failure before the first act was half over.

It is like a picture in a gorgeous frame. The central figure is good, but a hopeless background ruins the whole. Miss Arthur has money, and if she chooses to sink barrels of it in stupid productions, when she knows well enough what her line of work is, no one can say her nay.

GORHAM.

"Have you noticed, papa, how often mamma says, 'And so on, and so on?'" "Yes, my boy; but it never applies to buttons."

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THERE is no doubt that the fashionable world is drawing more heavily upon the stage for its fashions, each year.

Leading women, in first class companies are given carte blanche by their managers as far as their clothes are concerned.

"Spare no expense, but use judgment and taste," is the motto of the Frohmans. Daly spent as many hours with the designer of his costumes as he did in consultation with his stage manager.

Naturally, when a woman of taste is not limited in expense, and employs the leading modistes and costumers and tailors, the result is satisfactory, and the gowns, hats and wraps may be considered standard. The average society woman prefers to have the drudgery of designing and planning done for her. Often she goes to theatres where society plays are produced more to study the gowns than to have an evening's amusement, for she cannot afford, very well, to take a whole evening off her social calendar. The season in New York is too short, since the gay world remains at its country places till the Horse Show, and leaves town for February and March.

Miss Clara Lipman's gowns in "The Girl in the Barracks," are exquisite. The hand work would delight the soul of an expert needlewoman. They are too gorgeous and dainty to be trailed nightly over the dusty boards of a theatre. They should be put in glass cases and handled with kid gloves.

The gown worn in the first act is pink liberty satin, a new fabric, veiled with white net. The top of the net tunic is elaborately embroidered in a floral design of jet. The centers of the flowers are Rhinestones. On the lower part of the tunic tiny pink velvet rose petals are appliqued and fastened with a Rhinestone dew drop. The effect is as if a gorgeous rose had been torn to pieces, and each leaf was weeping over its unhappy end.

The bottom flounce is pink chiffon, accordion plaited. Its outer edge is cut in scallops, and finished with a double puff of pink chiffon, shaded to white.

The bodice is decolléte, and the front of white net, rose leaves, and solid jet flower, falls loosely from the blouse of pink liberty satin. The sleeves are almost tight to the elbow, and show a small portion of the arms at the top. One shoulder strap is crushed rose leaves, and the other is a band of jet. From the band to sleeve, runs a sequins of jet spangles. The other arm is bare.

The hat is white tulle, veiled in old lace. A large pink velvet rose weighs down the front of the brim, and a violet satin bow seems to take refuge behind the daring rose.

Another gown, worn by Miss Lipman, is a new fabric also—satin-crepe. The color is yellow, or perhaps biscuit would give a clearer idea of the delicate shade. It is inlaid with squares of white net, dotted and outlined with silver spangles. The gown is embroidered in shaded coral, in the natural pattern of the coral. The flounce is mechin lace, appliqued with black lace butterflies.

The waist is gathered into a belt of turquoise blue velvet, and the front piece falls loosely on the outside of the belt. The hat is pink velvet, slashed, turned up at the side-front, as the milliners say, and trimmed with black tips.

Miss Dorothy Usner wore a charming gown in "Why Smith Left Home." It is yellow crepe over nasturtium yellow silk. The bottom of the gown and waist are appliqued with black chantilly lace, and the yoke and sleeves are transparent. The sleeves end several inches below the shoulders, leaving that part of the arms bare. The sash is yellow crepe, finished with a frill of black tulle, and appliqued with lace.

A street gown which Miss Usner wore to the theatre to meet the PICTORIAL REVIEW'S artist, is worthy of reproduction. It is black, French crepe. The skirt is long and plain, except for a small bias flounce. There is stitching up and in front and back. It opens under the princess bow of black satin, that comes from the throat, and falls from the belt. The ends are finished in Italian point, like that which outlines the yoke of tucked black satins. The sleeves are of fine crepe and tucked. The hat is black felt, wrapped in white tulle, covered with cream lace.





WILLIAM FURST.

About People.

THE accompanying illustration is from Mrs. Clarence Mackay's latest photograph.

Mrs. Mackay is a very handsome woman, and a popular hostess. It is more than probable that she will abandon her idea of spending the winter in Rome, and will be, the greater part of the season, in New York, where her receptions are a delightful break in the monotony of the regulation "at homes."

The two heroes of the gridiron, who are attracting the most attention from the public, at present, are Captain Malcom McBride, of Yale, and Captain W. H. Edwards, of Princeton.

The Yale men have taken their unlooked for defeat at the hands of Columbia very manfully, and have denied the report about the Columbia coach having thrown their signals. When Captain McBride was interviewed about the result of the game, like a true sportsman, he refused to make excuses for his men, simply and manfully stating:



CAPTAIN EDWARDS OF PRINCETON.

"I have nothing to say, except that we expected to win, and were defeated."

The Princeton team has been playing good football, recently, having profited by the blow given them by Cornell, and, doubtless, they will make the wearers of the black and orange proud of them at the Thanksgiving games.

Olga Nethersole has a long suit for her New York engagement in Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Daudet's "Sappho." The play ought to give a wide scope to Miss Nethersole's talents, for she is one of the greatest emotional actresses on the English speaking stage.

She was handicapped by her plays last season, and her admirers regretted she did not produce Pinero's "Profligate" on Broadway, instead

A scarred old Confederate general, and ex-governor, who left his right arm on the battlefield, came out of the theatre one evening, humming "Lady Babbie," and beating time, making an interesting, pathetic picture, as he tried to mark the measure, and hold his cane under his arm.

"There are two tunes, only," he said to a companion. "That thing they are playing, and Dixie. Both of 'em get into your blood, and send it tearing along, and fool you for a moment, by making you feel young again."

When seen by a representative of PICTORIAL REVIEW, at his artistic apartment at No. 378 Central Park West, Mr. Furst was at work on the music for "My Lady's Lord," and "Sappho." Mr. Furst has a den sacred to himself. His pretty young wife never invades it to "put things to rights," in the phraseology



MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

from his home, Baltimore, at twelve years of age, and joined a Virginia regiment. His father was in the Confederate secret service, and when informed of the state of affairs said: "Let the boy alone, if he can be of any use as water boy or anything his officers may see fit."

The battlefield was a curious kindergarten for a child, and it is no wonder that scenes were photographed more sharply on the delicate film of his childish mind than if he had been old enough to shoulder a gun.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Princess of Wales is generally credited with having an almost priceless collection of old lace. As a matter of fact, the Princess has never had the means to make a really fine collection, and the wives of most American millionaires and many English women of wealth and title possess far finer lace than Her Royal Highness. The Princess, however, undoubtedly has a sufficient quantity of valuable lace to satisfy her tastes, which run more toward furs, of which she possesses a great quantity, and jewels.



OLGA NETHERSOLE.

of waiting till her Harlem engagement, which was cut short by her illness.

The work of William Furst has given him a first place in the ranks of modern writers of light opera.

His "Isle of Champagne" is delightful, and "Theodora" is a worthy companion.

At present Mr. Furst is on the staff of Charles Frohman, and composes all the incidental music to his productions. Perhaps, the happiest of these are "Renée Waltzes," written for "Under the Red Robe," and "Lady Babbie," written for "The Little Minister."

The latter brings as clearly to one's mental vision the queer, elfish, fascinating little face of Maude Adams, as a photograph could show her image to the eyes.

of the New England housewife. Books, music, scores, clippings and notes are scattered about in the disorder dear to the heart of a student.

"The Lost Cause" is very dear to Mr. Furst, and he wears proudly in his buttonhole a Confederate button. About the studio are some rare war relics. On the wall is a series of daguerreotypes of noted Southern generals; in one corner hangs a cane, made from the keel of The Star of the East, the first ship fired on from Fort Sumter. Over the piano is a frame containing Confederate bank notes, documents and seals. In gold leaf, on the frame is lettered—"Lost but not forgotten." The whole is draped with a Confederate flag. One is not surprised that so young a man has a right to wear the button of the Confederate Veterans, when it is learned that Mr. Furst ran away



CAPTAIN MCBRIDE OF YALE.

THE APPLE OF PARIS



"AMERICAN women are wretched form, in that they fidget," we are told by a young English woman, who visited us for the yacht races.

"Don't your women ever sit or stand still?" she'd asked with her calm British stare.

It is not pleasant to be told so by a stranger, but it is the truth.

REPOSE OF CAST.

The average American lacks what Tennyson calls "The repose of cast." She plays with her trinkets and ornaments, she nervously bites her lips, and her eyes have not that calm, steady gaze that should characterize a woman of refinement, under whose glance, the eyes of the most impertinent stranger should lower themselves, abashed.

Not long ago, at a famous Canadian school, under the patronage of a princess of the blood, there was an informal reception, which was attended by the Governor-General of Canada and his suite, and some guests of the Government. One of the pupils, a young woman of about fourteen summers, attracted a great deal of attention from the officials.

"Will you present me," said an old statesman whose name is a power in the English parliament, to the lady principal.

"Certainly, I will bring her to you," was the reply.

"No, take me to her, there is no higher rank than beauty," said the gallant old diplomat.

Accordingly the young woman was informed that one of the greatest men in her country desired to be presented, and of the compliment he had paid her. It was a trying moment. The eyes of her school fellows, the teacher and the official party were on her. The wait, while the principal and the statesman crossed the salon, must have taxed

the nerves of so young a girl, but she never unclasped her hands from their graceful position in her lap.

An average American girl would have nervously patted her back hair, tugged at her gloves or sash. There is no doubt that repose is a great charm, it gives a woman a reputation for beauty when she has no claim to it really. It puts other people at ease, and no greater recipe for popularity can be given than this.

CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS.

To cure and tone up the nerves is a difficult matter. The nerves are the backbone of health, and health is the keynote to beauty. Do not worry over trifles is the best advice possible.

A noted nervous specialist, whose charges are absurdly high, often prescribes singing lessons for women with shattered nerves.

Naturally this angers his patients. They are the style of women, who are accustomed to have liveried lackeys spring to their assistance with jewelled smelling bottles when the nerves begin to grow jangled. They think the wheels of progress should be stopped when they are ill. They consider it very frivolous to be told to take singing lessons and not prescribed for with bated breath.

When I asked this noted physician why he suggested such an apparently irrelevant thing as singing, he said:

"The average woman is nervous because she has nothing to do, or is over-worked. If the former, she cannot do better than find an occupation. Singing is a good and refining occupation. If the woman is over-worked it is a pleasant relaxation. Every time she fills her lungs to their fullest extent, as she must do to hold a note, she drags the blood away from the engorged brain, and nerve centers, where it is weighing heavily upon, and heating and irritating the delicate tissues, and sends it to the tiny, remote cells, faint and white from improper nourishment. Naturally, nearly the same effect could be produced by the breathing exercises taught by all physical culture instructors, but the patient is not amused by that."

No spices, or peppers, or sharp sauces should be eaten. Salads should be partaken of in great quantities. Celery and lettuce contain opium, and, taken in this form, are soothing and beneficial to the nerves.

TAN.

A reader of PICTORIAL REVIEW wishes a recipe for removing tan. If she had taken the precaution to rub a bit of almond oil and rice powder over her face, neck and arms before going into the water, her complaint would not have been so pitiful, but it is too late now.

The best thing I know of to remove tan is plain cucumbers. Just cut a fresh cucumber, and rub it over the face. A fine lotion on this order is four ounces of oil of sweet almonds, ten ounces of the juice of cucumbers (this is produced by boiling in a little water six or eight cucumbers, unpeeled, but cut up, strain through sieve, then muslin), and one quarter of an ounce of powdered white castile soap. Mix well. Add three ounces of alcohol and forty drops of tincture of benzoin. This must be kept in a glass jar. It should be applied at night, after washing the face in warm water and sulphur soap.

FRECKLES.

A Harlemitte writes me a few burning words about freckles. She is wroth against all writers of similar columns. She declares that "There is no health in us," and she stoutly declares the order fakes.

Now, Miss Harlem, since you have tried all simple means, I will provide a violent one, but if you do not follow directions carefully, I disclaim all responsibility. *Entre nous*, it is the only thing I ever used to any great advantage, and, personally, I found it all that the most enterprising advertiser claims for his wares.

Take a clean china saucer. Pour carefully three drops of pure carbolic acid. Add six drops of distilled water.

From your manicure set, select an unused orange stick. Do not use a match, it is apt to poison. Use the stick to stir the mixture, and apply it with the stick to several freckles. Do not attempt to touch up more than four, as the smart will be quite severe. At first, the spots will be absolutely white, in a few moments there will be a red border to the white. But "don't you care," as the little song says. The next day, the freckles will be absolutely black. They will look as though they are embossed. At the end of about four, maybe five days, the freckles will come off if you pull them gently. Do not force them, as nature will not have prepared and hardened the cuticle beneath sufficiently. Do not wash the spots from time of application till freckles are uprooted. Do not apply any cream or oily substance soon afterwards as it will engender a growth of hair.

BLACKHEADS.

Yes, Miss Dorothy, blackheads are "aggravating." You "wonder why they come." This is why. The skin is constantly undergoing changes. It throws off its refuse matter through tiny oil glands. Faces that perspire freely have less difficulty in clearing off the waste matter. Unless the mouths of these little channels are kept open and free, the oil is dammed, and rots and festers.

The face should be washed in warm, even hot water, and carbolic soap. I am a fiend about carbolic soap. It is cleansing and beneficial. Rinse well.

Have one of the china or earthen jars of your toilette table filled with ordinary oatmeal flakes. Rub a handful of these over the face, while it is damp. Allow the oatmeal to stay on all night. Remove in the morning with warm water. This will cleanse and soften and whiten at the same time. This should be done every night for a week, after that once a week will be sufficient.

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Answers to Correspondence.

All communications must be signed, though the name will be withheld if the request is made, and should be addressed to Madame Etiquette.

NOT DECOLLETE.

To Madame Etiquette:

My daughter and I are in New York for the Horse Show. It is our first visit and we have accepted an invitation to go in the box of a well-known New Yorker. I know that the Horse Show inaugurates the gayeties of the social world, and I insist that full evening dress is the correct thing to wear. My daughter says she will not wear a decollete gown, as she remembers to have heard it was bad form. I have at home an old magazine, a leading one, in which there is a charming bit of fiction *apropos* of the Horse Show. The illustrations are the work of a well-known artist, and the women in the boxes have bare necks and arms. I do not care to ask the people whose guests we are to be, as the acquaintance is too formal to touch upon the subject of one's personal apparel, yet I want to do the correct thing.—MRS. WESTWARD.

Your daughter is correct. Very light and gorgeous toilettes are worn, both in the afternoon and evening, but decollete gowns are never seen at the Horse Show.

A COSEY CORNER.

To Madame Etiquette:

I am so tired of the everlasting cosy corner. One sees it everywhere. It is the same idea expressed in thousands of ways. One wants a place to lounge, but to any one with an appreciation of originality the thing becomes very tiresome.—EDITH MAY.

Why do you not have a hammock instead of the couch and drapery? As you say one cosy corner is very similar to every other cosy corner, and does not give an opportunity for any great originality. But a hammock, harmonizing with the color scheme of the room, filled with bright cushions, is newer and more effective. If a tall palm, either real or embalmed, is placed back of the hammock, shutting off a view of the ceiling, the rest in the "cosy corner" is almost as pleasant, and vaguely recalls that of vacation time.

A CRAWLING RUG.

To Madame Etiquette:

Can you suggest a suitable present for a birthday gift for a baby a year old? I would rather not give something to wear.—D. F.

A crawling rug is a useful present. At one year old, the small person usually spends her time crawling about and doing her uttermost to soil her clothes. The rug in question is intended for a bait to the small person, and an inducement to make her stay in one spot. It has the advantage of amusing her, and of keeping her from taking cold by sitting on the plain floor. It is one and a half yards square, often of red felt, and finished with a border of fur. Animals and blocks and letters are applied in black or colored flannel.

GOOD TASTE.

To Madame Etiquette:

Will I take too much of your time if I ask your advice about having a broadcloth skirt made after Pattern No. 1? I want something that will not go out of date too soon. Do you furnish the pattern? What

do you think of putting fur on the bottom of the skirt, and should it be opened on the side? Will habit backs be worn? I wish you every success with your charming little paper. I take nearly every fashion paper published, though I am not a dressmaker as you might suppose, and I like the PICTORIAL REVIEW better than any.—MRS. W. W. WATSON, No. 125 Edgecombe avenue.

The flounce skirt Pattern No. 1 is a very desirable one, and, especially as you wish to trim it with fur at the bottom, it will make a very effective skirt. Of course, I cannot guarantee that it will be in style longer than this season. The latest Paris skirts are cut with a flounce, simply because they cannot get sufficient flare towards the back unless cut with many gores. The flat backs are and will be the style, although for suits, Paris has introduced a double Watteau plait. Most of the new skirts open on the side. Some open in front, the opening being concealed by a tab of ribbon that fastens the belt. Naturally, the Editor is pleased at your enthusiastic expression of your appreciation of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

THE COMPLEXION.

To Madame Etiquette:

The tan I got on my face at the sea shore this summer is still in evidence. Even my neck and arms are as black as the Venus of ebony hue of the little song fame. Will you tell me something to remove it, as I wish to wear a low cut gown soon, and my neck and shoulders present an absurd appearance, and make me look like a human zebra. The mark where my bathing suit stopped is very clearly outlined.—LILLY L.

Your letter has been turned over to Gladys Grey, and you will find answer to your question under the head, "The Apple of Paris."

SHOES.

To Madame Etiquette:

Can you tell me the correct thing in street shoes? I have hoped you would have an article of shoes, but as the last number did not contain anything on the subject, I thought I would ask for your opinion.—G. L. G.

For the street, boots are as manish as possible. They have medium vamps, and there is no seam at the sides, though that old style is clamoring unsuccessfully for recognition. The vamps or sides are of enamel or patent leather. The heels are military, "gouged" as the boot makers say, and which means cut away inside to lessen the weight. Buttons are medium, allowing seven to a boot. The tops are soft kid, and the soles are as heavy as those on shoes made for men.

EARRINGS NOT WELCOME.

To Madame Etiquette:

Can you tell me whether or not earrings are to be worn? I must make my fiancée an anniversary present, and as I do not know anything about women's things, so I call upon you. I would like her birth stone surrounded with diamonds. Can you tell me what it is? The month is November.—JACK FROST.

The stone for November is topaz. If the young woman's ears are pierced, the earrings would be a suitable gift. But as no one knows whether the unwelcome earring has come to stay or not, a woman would hesitate before spoiling her pretty ears. The earrings are worn at present.

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NOTICE—Readers of this advertisement are particularly requested to note the address of Mr. Weingarten in order to obviate mistakes which have heretofore occurred.

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Perfect Fit Guaranteed

YOUR INSPECTION OF OUR FALL GARMENTS IS SOLICITED



STYLISH COATS AT THE HORSE SHOW. DESCRIPTION ON PAGES 16 AND 17.

Boudoir Gossip.

Continued from page 9

greatly since she was Consuelo Vanderbilt. She has become thoroughly British in sympathy and manner and is of great help and assistance to her husband in his political career. Except the Marchioness of Blandford who divorced the Duke of Marlborough, afterwards husband to Mrs Lillie Hammersley, all the Marlborough Duchesses have been women of distinction and political influence. Probably it is the influence of Sarah Jennings, Queen Ann's Ruler and favorite in Blenheim Palace that leads them in this path. Certainly Consuelo Spencer Churchill is no exception to the rule. She attends all her husband's political meetings and has acquired quite a knack of being of service to him in entertaining the right people and saying just the right thing at the right time. Her savory air and tact is remarkable in a woman so young, and is no doubt inherited from her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who is really the cleverest and most brilliant matron in New York society.

The William K. Vanderbilts have been automobiling every morning in the Bois and treating themselves to the newest inventions in this form of amusement. They are an absolutely inseparable young couple and do the boulevards and shops with never flagging zeal; even when visiting the dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix, Mrs. Vanderbilt has her husband by her side, and together they select from the various gowns exhibited. William K. Vanderbilt's desire to procure his charming wife everything her heart can desire in this direction amounts almost to extravagance.

From Paris, the W. K. Vanderbilts go to Cairo, whither quite a number of prominent Americans are bound this season. Amongst others to be there are William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., the Potter-Palmers, Prince and Princess Cantacuzene, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Col. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawrence, Gen., Mrs. and Miss Batcheller, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing, the Bradley-Martins and the Countess of Craven. The Englishman, Mr. Waldorf Astor and his daughter, Pauline Astor, are also to be there as well as Mrs. Laddenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Baring, Judge and Mrs. Tuck and in all probability Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt, who have been invited by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt to join his party. Paris just now is delightful and all the Americans who have residences have opened them and are issuing cards to various social functions. Mrs. and Miss Van Dusen Reed are back from Dinard and in their old apartment in the Rue Piere Charron as well as Mrs. Griswold

Grey and Miss Irwin. The Monroes, Ridgeways, the Vicomtesse de Trobriand and Mrs. Walden Pell are also settled and entertaining. Lady Randolph Churchill has re-rented with her sisters, Mrs. Frewen and Mrs. Lesley, their old apartments in the Avenue Kleber.

Two months ago we denied in the columns of the PICTORIAL REVIEW that there was any serious engagement between Lady Randolph Churchill and Lieut. Cornwallis-West, yet the old rumor is still circulating. Lady Randolph Churchill is a thoroughly up-to-date American woman and understands the value of advertisement. She has no desire to make a fool of herself by marrying a young man, but the notoriety consequent on such an announcement is quite agreeable to her. She is now before the public as editor of the *Anglo-Saxon*, and the more she is written of and talked of, the better. As we said before Lady Randolph Churchill likes to have young men about her. She believes it keeps her young and although she is well on in middle-age, there is no woman in London who dreads growing old as she does.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's refusal to join Lady Randolph Churchill's ship committee is not surprising, although it shows a want of tact seldom found with this brilliant woman, who for so long was undisputed social leader of New York's most exclusive set. Of late Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is outwardly bitter towards England and things English. The Duke of Marlborough has Hamilton blood in his veins and inherits therewith the strongest sense of what moral perfection should be in a woman. His own mother preferred divorce to an equivocal position. Her stern morality accepted no compromise. It was rigid, unbending, inflexible as iron. She got a divorce simply because she would not be the wife to a man the moment she found him to be unfaithful and a roue, although free to re-marry, re-marriage while her divorced husband lived was sacrilege to her. The Marchioness of Blandford instilled the narrowest of moral principle into her children's minds and the Duke of Marlborough has uncompromising views of marriage and divorce and therefore looks with no genial eye on his mother-in-law. Lady Randolph Churchill should have known better than to invite Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's assistance, for nothing but refusal was to be expected.

The Hit of the Season!!

Pictorial Review CHRISTMAS NUMBER

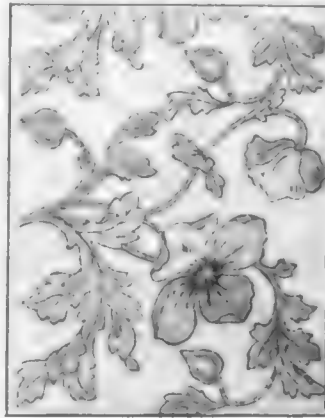
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THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

HONEYCOMB DARNING.

MATELASSE honeycomb darning. This work is applicable to a variety of useful and decorative purposes. It is easily and quickly executed, and the effect, when finished, is excellent. The foundation upon which it is worked is a cotton fabric made in white or buff, and can be had in narrow and wide widths. When worked in the best tapestry crewel wool it has the great advantage of being easily washed. It is best to have the design drawn, as transferring the pattern is seldom satisfactory upon the rough surface. A set of chairbacks, cushions, and bedspreads have been worked with great effect. The only stitches required are simple stem-stitch, which must be used in outlining the design, and a darning stitch carried under the upper threads of the material fills in the pattern. In commencing the work, it is best to do all the darning of each leaf and petal before working the outline in hem-stitch, which completes the flower or leaf. The right side of the material upon which to work is somewhat like huckaback towelling, and the manner



HONEYCOMB WORK.

of working is by running the wool under each thread. The darning is only done on the surface, not through the foundations, while the outlying stem-stitch is always taken through the material. The best needles for this work are the ordinary wool needles with blunt point. The flowers should be worked in their natural colors—three or four shades are required for flowers and for leaves; in the design the poppies are scarlet, yellow, and lilac, and the leaves not too bright a shade. When the work is finished a good wide trimming of Torchon lace makes it complete, whether for chair and sofa backs or tablecovers, etc.

A beautiful bedspread has been made in this work by having a large square of the Matelassé traced and worked in one of the bold designs: this square should be bordered with an insertion of coarse Torchon lace. Four strips must then be worked as a border in the same design, and are joined with bevelled edges at the corners, and then finished with Torchon lace. This plan is advisable in making a large bedspread, as the size of the work as a whole would be somewhat unwieldy and awkward, but for a small bed it could be worked in one piece.

THE BUTTERFLY SACHET.

One of the prettiest conceits in feminine fancies comes from a Southern city and is intended for a November bride. It is a butterfly of white bolting cloth, embroidered in the most elaborate pattern. The sender declares she traced the design from the wings of a very gorgeous butterfly her small brother made a captive. Certainly no artist could have devised one more odd or more beautiful.

The scalloped wings are padded just a trifle, the sachet is put in, and the wings outlined with a double row of narrow Valenciennes lace. The whole is lined with pink silk. It is to be pinned on the left side of the corsage, and gives the wearer a subtle perfume that is very fascinating.

SPORTSMAN COMFORTER.

This has the great advantage of never slipping off the neck, and is specially appreciated when the wind blows very keenly, and a man can pull the wrap quite up to his ears. When finished it looks like a very large stocking with a knitted flap. It is put on over the head and the flap tucks into the waistcoat. To make this comforter, cast on 84 stitches in soft petticoat wool or double Ger-

man on 4 needles, No. 9. Rib 2 and 2 till 6 inches are knitted, then cast off 44 stitches for the back; knit the other 40 stitches for front in this stitch, 1 purl, 1 knit, reversing the order as you return, so that each knitted stitch has a purled one under it, and the purled one a knitted stitch. This piece should be about 10 inches long.

KNITTING.

Whatever opinion we may hold about the tailor gowns and evening costumes of "our English cousins," we know that they are authorities on sports and costumes in the field and on the links and moors. Since English sportsmen wear knitted hose and comforters, our up-to-date girls are laying aside their point lace work and embroidery and have quit making impossible mouchoir cases, and have borrowed the knitting needles of their grandmothers. Queen Victoria knits the Prince of Wales a dozen pairs of stockings every summer. Lady Curzon borrowed a pair of the last dozen her majesty made, to copy the pattern. Lady Curzon likes to keep up with all fashionable fads, but it is hardly likely that Viceroy will have any desperate need for wool hose at his present post.



DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 33.

WITH LOVE.

"All generations shall call thee blessed."

THE FAINT MUSIC of a gentle rustling of silken skirts heralded her approach, and was as is the sound of the evening breezes softly whispering among the leaves of the summer foliage, and a delicate odor of sweetest flowers hung about her footsteps, turning the dry aspect of the world into the fair remembrance of a glorious June. The bitterness of sorrow was changed by her presence into a sacred ennoblement of life, and her smile enhanced the joy of youth, as reflection increases the light before the mirror.

To her ran the little child, eager to show the special beauty of his toy, and anxious to certify that the favor he bestowed on the gaily painted treasure was in very truth worthy of all, and more, since she, too, could praise it and point out fresh merits. To her again would he come, sobbing, with the broken fragments of that which had become dear to him, tightly clasped in his small, heated fist, and she would apply clever fingers and restore the former shape to the plaything, or when that was impossible she would comfort the sorrow-laden heart, and with healing words divert the anxious mind from its sore distress.

Was it a tale of disobedience, the forgiving love mingling with her grief at the misdeed brought forth more penitence than all punishment, and revealed the shame of the act in a light that colored the recurring temptation in its own distasteful hue, and finally beat it back vanquished.

Young things are quick of judgment, and the children were not wrong when they offered her all their confidence, coming at first to push little bunches of half stifled flowers into her white hand, and peeping up into her kind face as she thanked them before they raced back with renewed pleasure to their games. The old people also blessed her and returned with fresh insistence of hope to the daily duties, to the dull routine of poverty dingy with care, yet penetrable and brightened by her passing grace and the helpful words that fell from her lips. All things about her seemed to take the reflex of her own mind, and to be robed in new radiance far removed from the ignoble commonplace. In sickness, the fevered head yearning for relief turns to find it in her firm, cool hand pressed upon the throbbing pulses, and in all daily life is she ever thoughtful, silently loving with all the breadth and depth of a great and noble heart. Here she places a few sweet flowers bidding them contain the message of her dear remembrance; there, maybe, she puts the desired book or some other trifling token that she does not forget. The carelessly uttered wish is fulfilled by her quiet care, and oftentimes a sacrifice, the

value of which is known only to herself, is offered silently with libations of tears, sacred tears, wiped away and unsuspected of others who are barely observant of her gallant smile. And all this asking no thanks, waiting for no reward, satisfied to know the little deed done, grateful for the momentary surprise and brief word of commendation, which sometimes, alas! may even be wanting, overlooked. See her as she passes down the green lane. The banks on either side are glad with flowers, the birds sing with rapturous content, but in her hand she carries a tiny cross made up entirely of white blossoms and fragile ferns. She makes her way to the churchyard, God's hallowed acre, and kneels by the stone which marks the resting place of a little child, and on the green turf she lays the emblem of the resurrection, the pure white blooms which are not more innocent of ill than the spotless soul they represent. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," runs the text, and, though her heart aches over her loss, she will not forbid, but, with love strengthened through pain of parting, resigns the gift once hers into the hands which gave, and blesses the name of the Lord.

As the years go by, the dear face is lined with traces of self-sacrificing care. The glory of her hair takes a whitening shade till it decks her head with a crown of purest silver, and about the forehead are lines, jewels set in by the hands of the angels of God, each marking a time of trial nobly borne, each scar on the marble brow a gem beautiful in the sunlight of peace that succeeds the storm of purifying pain. The rings become loose on the active fingers, and the feet are not so ready to their task; the spirit is completely willing, the flesh alone is assailed by a hindering weakness. But the eyes, though weary of work, are ever bright with the true light of the soul that is in them, which gleams visible to all but the blind in spirit, for if any should meet her who had lost his physical sight, he could not fail to recognize her beauty in the gracious tones of her voice. Change comes into her life, and the changes bring clouds to mar the gladness of her day. Was not the denial of self already enough? Yet a further evidence of submission is required in that gentle long-suffering life. There is work to be done by those dear fingers of an unaccustomed nature, tedious and difficult. Yet, unmurmuring and without complaint, the task is taken up and carried to its end, though the head is aching and the eyes are heavy. A cruel thing this ill-fortune to come upon her afresh, in her advancing years, but she meets it with never a word of her own sufferings, always the cheerful hope and the patient word for the others, who loudly resent the doings of fate, and cry out in cowardly alarm lest their share in the privations of those things they desire to have and cannot now command, might be

overlooked. How mean they appear beside her, how pitiful their conduct, how shameful the wounds they inflict on that tender all-enduring spirit. Will they not see the wrong before it is too late? Pray heaven that it may be so, and her perfect love will create an answering love as great; but the sting of what was base and ignoble will leave with those who did the wrong a sharpness of remorse, a perpetually acute pang that time itself will never quite eradicate, be reparation ever so fervent.

And she bears the burden for them all, thinks for all, acts for the good of all. She lies awake through the birth-throes of many a new day, busy with thoughts for this one or that. One is abroad; he must have a letter, a little present for his birthday to show him the home has not forgotten him, a newspaper of local interest, a violet from the old garden. Another is married, and she will want advice and the aid of one who has herself experienced many joys and sorrows. And then there is the little one, the Benjamin, he whose toys were latest mended, he now stalwart and grown to manhood, but ever regarded by her as a special charge because the youngest. Who can tell of her prayers for him? The grain of life is in his hands; will he sow it for good, or will wild and diverse paths attract him in the alluring form of some wished-for experience, which he fancies every man can compass and be none the worse! Alas! if her tender care should be disregarded, and a line on his behalf should crease the brow that would think no wrong, but only love, and always love. Perchance on his account, through his thoughtless indifference, she may suffer acute disappointment and regret, yet will she still be heard to murmur in pardoning extenuation, "He is young; he does not think."

Did her name escape you, you that are born of woman? Shall it not be upheld in all time with a thankful reverent lowering of the voice as in the presence of that which is holy? And as the echo in a loving memory rings on through days—past, present, and to come—can any name resemble it in its divine significance, can any contain so vast a glory as the word that lingers round her in its full and perfected meaning. Her name? Is it not "Mother."

A tramp rang a doctor's doorbell, and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away. "I'm the doctor," said the smiling young woman, and the tramp nearly fainted.

Husband—For whom are you knitting those stockings? Wife—For a benevolent society. Husband—Do you know, you might send them my address. Perhaps they would send me a pair.

HAAS BROS.

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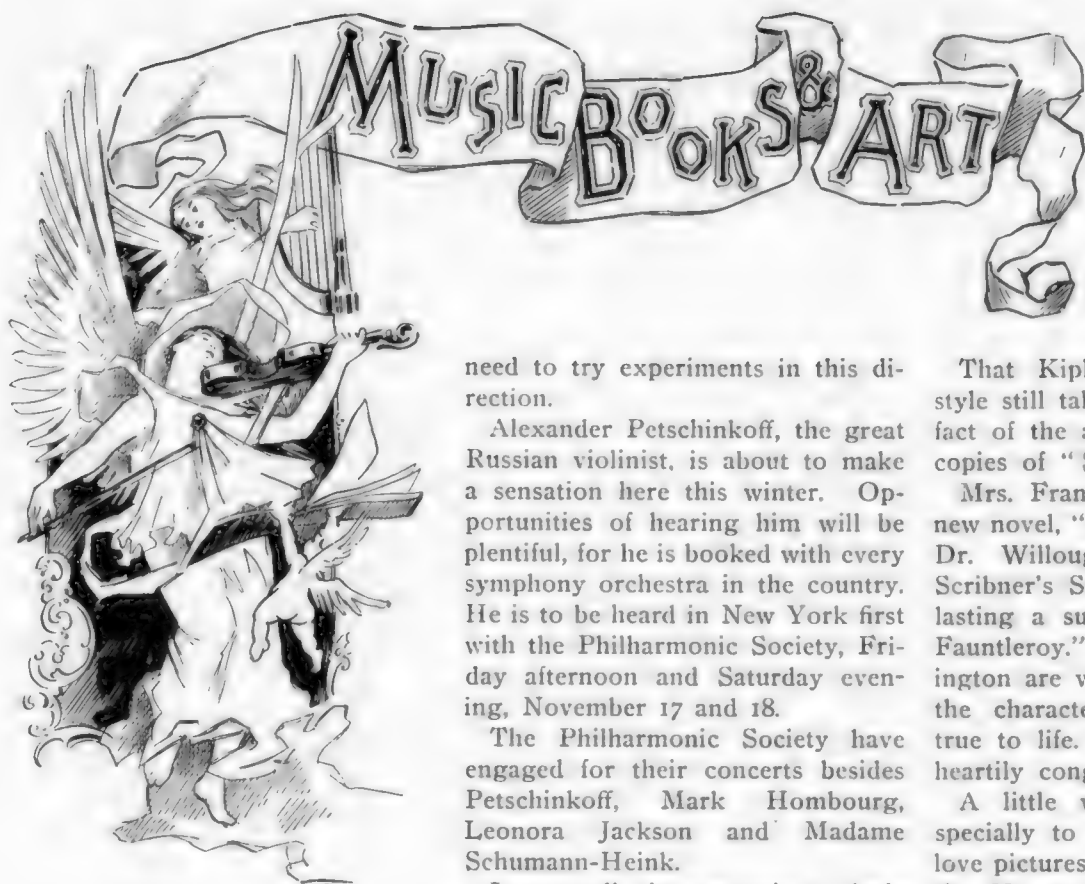
Introduction of

London Carlton Club

Golf and Cycle Hats



HANDSOME EVENING GOWNS. DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 33.



MUSIC.

AS YET we have not been able to escape from Trilby, for she comes to us in the shape of du Maurier's inspiration, the Trilby of real life—musically speaking—Clara Butt.

Miss Butt made somewhat of a sensation with an excellent contralto of phenomenal volume, which, however, has been very badly cultivated, the middle register being both poor and thin. Miss Butt sang the "Divinities du Styx," with marked ability, as well as some English songs, and being more or less unheralded, created somewhat of a sensation; for if there is one set of artists more than another who generally spoil their chances by over advertising, it is singers. Miss Clara Butt, however, has been a notable exception to this rule.

To Londoners, Miss Butt has been quite a favorite for some time, being a protégée of both Mrs. Ronalds and Lady de Grey. Miss Butt will give two recitals this month at Mendelssohn Hall on the night of the 21st and the afternoon of the 25th.

We are promised but four concerts from Paderewski in New York this season, all of them matinees, on December 12 and 16, and January 6 and 20. Those who are desirous of obtaining seats should apply at once, as many of the best seats are already bespoken.

Calvé's indisposition is bothering Mr. Grau not a little. On coming here those who saw the great artist at first were astonished at the reduction of her avordupois. It was quite remarkable, and Calvé herself to the Press and her friends was jubilant at the results of recent experiments. However, there is nothing more dangerous to the health than reducing size or weight, it invariably tells on the health, and Calvé, who was graceful as a sylph, in spite of her size, had really no

need to try experiments in this direction.

Alexander Petschinkoff, the great Russian violinist, is about to make a sensation here this winter. Opportunities of hearing him will be plentiful, for he is booked with every symphony orchestra in the country. He is to be heard in New York first with the Philharmonic Society, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, November 17 and 18.

The Philharmonic Society have engaged for their concerts besides Petschinkoff, Mark Hombourg, Leonora Jackson and Madame Schumann-Heink.

Leoncavallo is composing a lyric comedy based upon the original "Zaza," *apropos* of which, he says: "Art is for me the most poetic expression of human sentiments, and in order to compose I need types that weep as I do, and live my life." Leoncavallo works continually, without regard to hours or physical needs.

BOOKS.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD'S new novel "Eleanor," of course, deals largely with theological questions. The scene is laid principally in a villa on the Campagna, but Rome and the Vatican figure largely throughout the work. Mrs. Ward spent last winter in Rome looking for local color, and some of her descriptions of the slopes of Tusculum and the woods of Albano make very fine writing. The book will appear first in serial form in Harper's for next January. It will, of course, be largely illustrated, Albert Sterner having gone expressly to the scenes of the novel for inspiration. As in "Helbeck of Bannedale," in spite of the large amount of theological discussion, there is also a love story every whit as charming and delicately told as in the author's last work mentioned above.

Orders for Paul Leicester Ford's Revolutionary novel are coming in merrily to Dodd, Mead & Co., and it really looks as if "Janice Meredith" will be the long-expected "American novel." Certainly the work is typical of the soil, and Mr. Ford has drawn one of the loveliest portraits of a woman in literature.

The same publishers give us the best version of Sardou's piece, "Robespierre," as played by Irving. It is from the French of Ange Galienar, and bears an authorization from the great French playwright, in the shape of an autograph letter. It is a book all should read who intend or hope to see Irving.

That Kipling's vivid and virile style still takes is evidenced by the fact of the advanced sale of 20,000 copies of "Stolky & Co."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel, "In Connection with the Dr. Willoughby Claim," Charles Scribner's Sons, promises to be as lasting a success as "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The scenes in Washington are very real and vivid, and the characters are extraordinarily true to life. Mrs. Burnett can be heartily congratulated.

A little work that will appeal specially to artists, and those who love pictures, is "Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters," by Elbert Hubbard, G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is Catholic in taste, as a glance at the index will show. Titian, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Fortuny, Doré, Ary Scheffer, Millet, Meissonier, Reynolds, Van Dyck and Landseer are all discovered. The book contains twenty-four portraits and many illustrations, and would make an excellent present for those whose tastes are artistic.

The same publishers also announce three fascinating books to those who are interested in Colonial times. "Some Colonial Homesteads," "More Colonial Homesteads" and "Where Ghosts Walk."

One of the best features in the Magazines of the month is the opening chapters of "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley, M. P., in *The Century*. Mr. Morley is one of the cleverest historians of the era, a man of great learning and possessed of that gift of calm, patient plodding, so necessary to those who write history. He is enthusiastic, but not imaginative in his work, and his literary style is of the best. The editors of *The Century* are to be congratulated on their enterprise.

Now that the nights are long and rainy days are apt to keep many at home, either of the two editions of Balzac in English, George Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia, or Hardy, Pratt & Co., Boston, will make delightful reading to those who have not studied the greatest of all novelists after Scott in the original. Like Browning, Balzac is a cult, and it is difficult at first for some to get interested in "The Human Comedy," or in "The Scenes from Private Life." Balzac's work is apt to be "caviar to the multitude," but it is worth a little effort to get interested, for if this interest is once fired it grows rapidly, and with the forty odd volumes in one's library a dull hour is impossible, for Balzac has pages to suit all moods of thought, and is unique in his ever-changing personality as an author.

ART.

THE only woman on the Art Jury of the Paris Exposition will be that talented Philadelphia painter, Miss Cecilia Beaux, whose charming portrait of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's two children made such a sensation at the last Portrait Show at the Academy of Design. The appointment was made by John B. Cauldwell, Director of Fine Arts for the Paris Exposition, and has created a flutter in Philadelphia Art circles. Miss Cecilia Beaux is undoubtedly the best woman portrait painter in America. She has great breadth and power, yet delicacy is by no means wanting in her pictures; she is strong, too, in color, and an excellent draughtswoman. She is well known in Paris, where she spent many years studying, and has made for herself in that stronghold of art an enviable reputation, the atmosphere and sentiment in her pictures being greatly admired.

The exhibition of the Jean Francois Raffaelli pictures at the Durant & Ruel Galleries should be visited by all art lovers. There are several new pictures of Notre Dame, as well as portraits of the Count de Nion's daughter, M'le Daudet and M'le Raffaelli.

The Evans collection of paintings by American artists, including over 250 canvasses, is to be sold by auction next February at the American Art Galleries, East 23rd street.

The fifth annual exhibition of drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, takes place at the Keppel Gallery, in East 16th street, November 16 to December 4, and is to be followed by one of dry points and drawings by Paul Hellen.

Mr. John Wanamaker has presented the Historical Society of Bucks County, Penn., with a large painting by William T. Trego, "The Rescue of the Colors." This picture commemorates a stirring incident in the Battle of Fair Oaks, Va., 1862, when the "Bucks County's Own" rescued one of the flags from the enemy after the wounding of the Color Sergeant.

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PRINCESS DELPHINE

BY ALEXANDER MCARTHUR

Author of "Gemma, the Story of a Model,"
"Irish Rebels," etc.

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CHAPTER II.

THE snow was blowing in such a fury that neither Princess Delphine, Prince Karol nor the coachman could see more than a yard at a time ahead and even the douga, the wooden hoop of the harness rising over the middle horse, was not visible sometimes. The three beautiful Orloffs were snorting and apparently much worried over the heaviness of the roads and the storm, especially the two outside horses, whose necks were curved sideways so that the wind and snow blew straight against their eyeballs.

Vassili, a monstrous size in his padded robe, kept the worst part of the gusts from his master and young mistress. But, before they were half an hour out, in spite of the wide net covering, the three horses, and the sledge with its bearskin coverings, were heavily laden with snow that hardened so quickly into a heavy mass in the bitterly cold atmosphere. Prince Karol would have liked to suggest to his grandniece that they stop the sledge and have Vassili remove the snow which weighed heavily, but Delphine was so silent and pre-occupied he could not bring himself to disturb her thoughts with what was after all a trivial matter. Now and again he stole a glance at her eyes to see if she were crying, but when he found that her lashes were free from brine he knew she was tearless.

Even through their furs and coverings the cold was penetrating and biting because of the wind. They were forced to pinch their lips and noses continually to keep them from freezing and the pain after this was almost intolerable. Their feet, placed on hot water bottles, felt warm and cosy. Now and again Prince Karol could feel that Delphine shivered, but whether from cold or grief he could not tell. He pushed himself closer to her that the warmth of his body might reach hers.

They went at a pace so rapid that the horses were covered with a thick lather that showed on their raven black coats as white as the snow beneath their feet. The roads were in terrible condition between the posts that marked their boundary, and it was hard for Vassili to know if he was really keeping on the roadway. In his anxiety he worried the animals more than was necessary by continually stopping them short to peer around. Prince Karol saw the lather on the horses, yet tender-hearted as he was about all dumb animals he was not sorry for the poor beasts so anxious was he for speed, in fact at times in spite of Vassili's continual urging and the foam he saw on their flanks, his impatience was so great that he thought

they should do more. For the twentieth time the sledge had gone bumping over, heaven only knows what, and the animals were struggling to keep up their usual pace, Vassili using the whip freely when Princess Delphine said somewhat irritably, "Vassili, stop urging the horses. Let them walk; the snow is heavy and they are not made of iron. Look at the lather they are in—it is a positive disgrace. See that they walk a verst at least."

"I obey, Princess," the coachman said in that humble tone so characteristic of the Slav, and especially of Poles, when addressing superiors. "My only desire is speed," he added apologetically, muttering in his beard but so that she could hear it. "The animals can stand it."

"No, no, they cannot—that is just it," Princess Delphine said irritably. "Do you want us to sit in the roadside all night? as we will if you urge them. I warn you now; don't use the whip."

Prince Karol knew of all drivers Vassili was one of the kindest hearted. And that the coachman loved his horses better than his own children. But just then the Prince didn't like taking his part. He understood from Delphine's tone she was working off some of her nervousness. He therefore nodded his head behind Vassili's back in apparent approval and took the opportunity to suggest that they have Vassili brush the snow off the rug. Princess Delphine assented. When Vassili had finished, Prince Karol gave him a big drink of Vodka and the man smacked his lips appreciatively and shivered as the fiery liquid entered his stomach. Prince Karol had offered some to Delphine but she refused it. He put the bottle back in his coat-pocket somewhat reluctantly. He would have liked a drink himself. He knew of nothing as comforting when cold, as Vodka, but Delphine's refusal had been so reproachful that he feared she would think him lacking in feeling if he indulged. In respect to her, he thought it only right, he should pretend that nothing so like pleasure as a glass of Vodka could be desired by him. Vassili took a few minutes to settle himself, snacking his lips all the time and coughing slightly because of his throat irritated by the fiery liquid. Then once more the horses started on their road.

It began to grow darker and the loneliness and dreariness became more intense. The open country had given place to wooded patches and rocky ground and finally their road led them through the great pine wood of Varin on the road to Omsk. Both Vassili and the Prince saw this with satisfaction, for they knew there was less chance of their losing their road, the various signs on the trees guiding them accurately. At the village of Omsk on the further outskirts of the wood they had to change horses, but it seemed to Princess Delphine they had gone only half the distance when in the

darkness she could see the lights twinkling far away in some houses.

"Are we at Omsk already, Karol?" she asked anxiously.

"Where are we, Vassili?" asked the Prince, sleepily; he had been dozing in the intense cold, his chin deep down in his fur collar.

"About five versts from Omsk still, Prince."

"But those lights," said the Princess.

"Lights! Where?" queried the Prince. "I see none."

"Ah, the Princess means the wolves' eyes. See them twinkle yonder," Vassili interposed in his deep voice as he pointed with his whip to a few shadows on the snow which Delphine recognized at once.

"Wolves' eyes," she said, shuddering. "I thought they were rush lights in the windows of some huts. Ah, how eerie they look."

"Hear the nasty animals bark," said Vassili.

"Yes. Hurry on for God's sake, Vassili. This wood is dreadful."

The water had grown cold in the foot-warmers and it seemed as if every breath they drew was an effort, for the frost was in their noses. They were all three numb and again Prince Karol took out his Vodka flask, this time Princess Delphine drinking eagerly. Vassili, after Prince Karol, took a bigger drink than before. He felt that he ought to make some excuse for his greediness in emptying the bottle, so he said cheerily, "Ah, well, in an hour from now at most we will reach Omsk. God is good."

Prince Karol, who loved to eat well, began to wonder if they would be able to get a decent dinner while changing horses. He could not help doing so and he consoled himself by remembering no one could know his thoughts just then. He made excuses for himself by deciding that grief coming suddenly is always hard to grasp at first and therefore he reasoned it was only natural he could not feel just then as sorry as he ought and would later. For some time his thoughts went fluctuating between the calamity to Delphine and the possible dinner, then he grew sleepier and sleepier and finally began to snore.

Omsk, Omsk, the word kept repeating itself in Delphine's brain, and conjured up a picture very different to that they were nearing. It was Varina and Omsk as she had last seen them in summer, when she had ridden there to meet her betrothed who was coming from St. Petersburg, whither he had gone to get an engagement ring that suited his fancy.

The tears began to fall from her eyes on to the fur collar of her shouba, where they became a thin line of frost. What a ride of hope and excitement that had been, through the wide fields of ripening grain where the blistering rays of the sun had seemed to scorch her flesh like fire. How grateful and delightful had been the shade of the pine woods they were then traversing.

She had met him at Omsk and had cried with delight over the beauty of her engagement ring. On the homeward trip he told her of other things he had brought her but seemed to think most interesting a volume of the English poet Keats, over whom he was just then wildly enthusiastic. On their homeward ride through the woods he had quoted with what sentiment, stanza after stanza that came to his memory and given her a sketch of Keat's biography. She had listened to the pathetic tale of the poet's life, thinking how sad it was and wondering over the fact that there must needs be misery in life. Just then as she felt so self satisfied over the fact of the foreignness of misery to the wondrous happiness of her first love dream. So many little trivial incidents of that day came to her memory. Ladislav had discovered a late bunch of lily-of-the-valley. How deliciously sweet they had smelled, a veritable breath of the Spring. She had kept them in remembrance and could see them in her mind's eye between the leaves of the volume of Keats locked up in her desk. The pretty white flowers now as faded and withered as her own happiness.

"Why, oh why, must hours that are happy pass, and pass, too, so quickly," she asked herself, the lines from Lamartine ringing their sombre cadences in her heart.

"Eternité, néant, passé sombres ambimes,
Que faites vous des jours que vous engloutissez?
Parlez; nous rendezvous ces extases sublimes
Que vous nous ravissez."

In the terrible darkness and dreariness of the night, she began to realize the sorrow that had overtaken her. Ladislav, a prisoner in a cell, a dungeon, maltreated perhaps, at the mercy of the cruel Russian Government, and they were going so slowly to his assistance.

Tired, worn out, exhausted, the animals were walking. And, she asked herself, why were they not hurrying. But she herself had given orders that they be spared—fool that she was. When every moment was precious, every hour prolonged awful misery to her beloved Ladislav.

"Vassili," she cried, almost rising in her seat. "Hurry, Hurry, whip the horses! Kill them, only hurry! We must get the train by to-morrow!"

Prince Karol, at the sound of her voice, woke up and Vassili, understanding her mood just then better than she did herself, made a great show of lashing his horses, yet hardly touched them. The jaded animals made one last effort and actually went quicker, Vassili coaxing them as he would children that were tired and sleepy.

At eight o'clock they reached Omsk, all of them half frozen and worn out with cold and consequent fatigue.

Delphine made no pretence of eating. She did not go to the dining-room even, but sat by the stove in

the entrance hall, which was also the parlor, only wanting to get warm. She was cramped, so cramp and numb from the ride. After Prince Karol had used much effort in trying to get her to eat, he went away delighted with the prospect of a good dinner. He had gone himself to the kitchen and had seen the landlady prepare some cabbage, soup and delicious meat pies. While waiting for these to be cooked, he ate onions, caviare, radishes, celery and sardines. He felt quite happy while he was eating and was glad Princess Delphine was not by to watch his excellent appetite. Before they started he tried to get her to eat some fresh caviare on slices of thin rye bread, but she refused absolutely. As she had a bird's appetite at best, the Prince was not worried over her fasting.

When they left the inn, the cold and darkness and desolation increased to Princess Delphine. She shivered constantly. Prince Karol was sorry for Delphine, for as he sat down and drew the rugs closely about them in the sledge he congratulated himself on feeling ninety per cent. better from the good dinner he had eaten.

The horses they got were very far from equalling the splendid Orloffs with which they had left home, but this, of course, was inevitable.

Vassili had been dreadfully grieved to leave the tired animals to strangers, and had drunk much more vodka for this reason—at least so he told himself—than was good for him. Princess Delphine could not help noticing that both her grand uncle and coachman had indulged quite too freely at Omsk. Vassili was cross and surly and Prince Karol inclined to be talkative and quarrelsome. She took out her beads for the first time that night and began to say her prayers. She felt utterly miserable and wretched, for with every five minutes Vassili seemed to grow worse. He was cruel to the horses and could hardly keep his seat. After a while Prince Karol fell asleep and leaned heavily against her. Delphine prayed fervently, and never more sincerely. The hours rolled on slowly. There was always the same landscape about them but never any sign of house or village, finally Vassili came to a dead stop and said foolishly:

"Princess, we have lost our way."

"Lost our way," she gasped, after a minute's silence terrible to both.

"Yes, Princess, lost our way. We should have reached Kran an hour ago. I cannot make it out."

"No, no, you cannot make it out! You are drunk, Vassili, you wretched hound!" she cried excitedly.

"Princess, I only had two glasses of vodka. I swear, Princess, on my soul, Princess, on yours, Princess, on everybody's, Princess."

"Be silent!" she cried angrily, as she began to nudge and kick Prince Karol. He woke up after a little bit and it gratified her to see how frightened he was at their predicament. He grew more so every minute and

the more he grew frightened, the angrier he became.

Earlier in the afternoon when in a sentimental mood he thought that to be lost was just what he desired, for he knew to be lost in the wilds about Omsk was more or less certain death in such a snow storm, but with the reality staring him in the face he felt very differently.

He began to abuse Vassili and threatened to beat him to death. Vassili was more frightened than his master and the angrier Prince Karol grew the oftener and the quicker Vassili said humbly: "Yes, Prince, yes. I deserve it. I am a miserable hound. But only two vodka's. I swear it."

At last Princess Delphine lost patience. "Get up into your seat, Vassili, and let the horses go as they want. They will have more sense than you, and you," she said, turning to Prince Karol and speaking French. "Will you do me a favor by remaining silent, my head is splitting with your screaming. As if screaming amounted to anything now."

The tone in her voice cut Prince Karol. He was mortified at having slept and quite ready to blame himself for what had happened. Just then he could think of nothing to say, and felt more foolish than ever before in his life.

After leaving Omsk the snowstorm had somewhat abated, but in spite of all their peering there was nothing to see but snow about them and Delphine knew they had most surely left the road. Not a post or a tree was visible, nothing but one wide vast carpet of snow. Another half hour sped by, nobody saying anything, the horses snorting and going somewhat better than before. A while after Delphine discovered sledge tracks and after a hurried consultation they decided to follow these. Vassili, who had sobered considerably, whipped up the horses, the animals responding gallantly. Trees began to be more frequent in the landscape, then the tracks led them through a pine wood and then far off in the distance they could see a low cluster of something that Vassili insisted that looked like a village. Five minutes more and they learned he was right. Vassili almost cried for joy, and Prince Karol felt sorry he had been so cross and violent. When they reached the village it looked ghostlike and silent, and for a moment their hopes fell at seeing no lights, till they remembered the hour.

Vassili jumped out of the sledge and battered at the first door they reached with his whip. Some one answered them from within and soon a sleepy peasant, his sheepskin thrown about his night clothes, came to the window. Prince Karol got out and began to explain, asking if there were not some gentlemen's place near, where they could claim hospitality, as there was no inn in the village. The peasant gave them some confused directions as to

Michel Alexeitch's and finally Prince Karol promised the fellow a rouble if he would come to show them the way.

Princess Delphine could only hear snatches of the conversation but she felt relieved when the door opened and Vassili and the Prince and the peasant came towards the sledge. Prince Karol explained to her how matters were, how they were twenty-five versts out of their way and were going to some house to put up for the night.

Five minutes more and they drove up before a large mansion, every room of which seemed lighted. The sound of music and laughter came from within, and Delphine gave a sigh of relief. The door was opened to them immediately and Prince Karol got out first and went within. It seemed to Delphine she waited quite a time before he returned, but he ran down the steps in a state of excitement and whispered to her in French.

"Delphine, sweetheart, this is God's work. This is the house of Graf Poliakov, Michel Alexeitch Poliakov, the Czar's favorite. Ah, God is good!"

Confused and trembling, she had no time to reply. She could hardly move, entangled as her feet were in the fur rug. A second later a tall, distinguished Russian was bending over her hand and kissing it, saying in orthodox style, "I am delighted to welcome you to my poor house, Mademoiselle. Pray, consider myself and all in it, charmed and honored to be at your service."

(To be continued.)

New Hats.

[Description of hats on page 28.]

ALL the imported hats have streamers, but it is a mooted question as to whether they will stay longer than the Horse Show, where hats are more picturesque than those worn later in the season.

In the phraseology of the hour, the Horse Show is where the fall styles are trotted out, and take a preliminary canter, and are inspected before they settle down for the season's trot.

There is a great effort made to secure Fashion's favor for the all-over feather hats. They are seen in white, black and brown. The white doves' breasts, trimmed with a dove, with spread wings, is very effective. It is particularly chic on a blonde.

Butterflies are used extensively for trimming, and tips and plumes are used a great deal.

The poke is not the fad that its record in the early part of the fall calls for, it is lagging, decidedly, but it is making a hard fight.

Some very pretty pokes are seen, every day and evening, at the Madison Garden, where the Horse Show is being held.

One that is particularly handsome is grey velvet. The inside of the brim is covered with white chiffon

plaited in the loose folds, so popular. There is wide cream lace on the upper side of the brim, and falling over to the front. Several black ostrich tips are in pleasing contrast and make a delightful finishing touch.

Another hat that is a compromise on the poke is greatly admired. The crown is white cloth embroidered in gold. The brim is black velvet. Laid about the crown, and separating in the back, are white chiffon streamers, edged with fringe. Mink heads and tails fasten the streamers to the hat in the back. Several brown ostrich tips, shaded to black, nod gracefully over the brim, making a soft, becoming frame for the face.

A hat that has attracted much attention is robbin-egg blue felt. The crown is of felt, and has a tendency to turn Tamward. The brim breaks, and droops over the face in a fascinating manner. The scarf of pale blue tulle wraps about the hat, and flows over the shoulders.

Evening Gowns.

[Description of gowns on page 30.]

THE box plait that is forcing recognition for itself in tailor gowns, is beginning to show itself in evening gowns. A very beautiful gown made with the box plait down the back of the skirt is white satin, brocaded in silver leaves. The figure is outlined to the knees, then the skirt flares at the sides, and the plait, which is flat at the top, unfolds itself, and ripples away into the train.

Across the front is a flounce of lace, over deep pink satin. The decollete bodice is edged with a narrow band of sable, and deep pink velvet bows, finished with white and pink fringe, are fastened at the girdle and corsage.

A chic princess gown is of alternating panels of blue velvet and blue and white brocade silk. The three panels of silk in front, and two in the back, run across the bare chest and shoulders, and are fastened in the stock. The panels of velvet end at the knees, and from them fall flounces of accordion plaited white chiffon. On the velvet, at the top and bottom of the panels, are appliqued small, diamond shaped pieces of Mechlin lace.

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Women's Clubs.

No. 2.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE growth of this popular little club has been marvellous. It evolved itself from a very small atom to a most important body.

Ten years ago several young members of the theatrical profession were calling upon Mrs. Jenne June Croly. A well-known member of The Lambs' Club was present, and, with a great deal of enthusiasm, gave an account of a very jolly evening The Lambs had had at a private gambol.

"Why don't the women of our profession do something of that kind?" said pretty Alice Fisher, that was before her marriage to Mr. William Harcourt.

The idea that was born then was carefully nourished and grew to be a healthy child.

A club was formed, and named The Twelfth Night. The charter members were Alice Fisher, Vida Croly, Effie Shannon, Kittie Cheatham, Elinor Tyndale, Dorothy Dove, Lulu Freeman, Mrs. L. L. Seaman, Marion Russell and Annie Russell. Their ideas of parliamentary law were limited, and it is not denied by the members that one afternoon when all business was finished, and adjournment was in order, that Miss Shannon said, "Miss President, we are all through, so let's go for a walk," and that Mrs. William Harcourt (Alice Fisher) replied: "I motion that."

Now, however, the business meetings are conducted on very different lines. Tom Reed himself is not a greater stickler for proper procedure, than Mrs. Harcourt, the present president.

The object of the club, at first, was physical culture. Each member went into the matter very heavily. They fenced, they danced, they worshipped at the shrine of Delsarte, and their tricks in the gymnasium would have done credit to a professional. The Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, of St. George's, took a great interest in the young women, and placed the gymnasium of the St. George boys at the disposal of the club for an hour every day.

That was a time when the meetings of the club were not chronicled. Not a city editor in New York knew of its existence. Now every representative paper sends a reporter to the social meetings, and an election



ALICE FISHER HARCOURT.

of new officers is an important item of the city news.

Once a month, every third Tuesday, there is a social meeting. To this one man is invited as the guest of honor. Mr. John Drew was the fortunate one last month. This time it will be Sir Henry Irving.

The wedding of a member of the club is a pretty affair. No matter how informal the wedding is, if it takes place in New York, The Little Church Around the Corner is the church in which the vows are plighted.

The members of the club attend in a body, and aisle seats are reserved for them. When the bride and groom turn from the altar, each member takes an ivy leaf from her corsage and flings it in the aisle.

The club's present to the bride is a gold sugar spoon, the bowl of which is an ivy leaf.

When Alice Fisher was married, the club said "the founder's" present should be a departure from the general rule, and they sent her an enamel leaf, surrounded with diamonds.

The Twelfth Night revels are held on the Sixth of January, and which day is the most important one in the club's year. There are one hundred members, and it is in the constitution that eighty per cent. of the club must belong to the theatrical profession.

The club has interested Mr. Daniel Frohman very much, and he is affectionately termed "The Father of the Club," by the members.



A FAVORITE CORNER.



NO WOMAN who is abreast of the times wears a hat to the theatre. The toilettes have been becoming more elaborate each year, and in consequence the hats and bonnets grew smaller and smaller, and finally the apologies of hats, the ribbon coronets, with tips, aigrettes and buckles, faded away. The theatre girl will hail with delight the new Spanish lace and Persian scarfs to be worn over the head at the theatre. For once, fashion is practical. The scarfs are warm as well as pretty, and in the zenith of the mode. They can be adjusted easily without the aid of a mirror. The lace ones are about three yards long and twenty-four inches wide. They are doubled, laid over the head, crossed in front, taken to the back, crossed, and brought to the front, and allowed to flow over the wrap.

Another style of scarf is of liberty silk or chiffon, with a wide border in Persian design. It is thrown loosely over the head. One end is allowed to fall nearly to the knees, while the top end is caught in a small loop and fastened with a jewelled butterfly. The latter style is intended for this season of the year, it is not as warm as the lace. The scarfs are a great improvement on the Marie Antoinette ball hoods of last season. They were too heavy for a carefully arranged coiffure, and did not protect the head.



Hints for the Housewife.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Under this head each month there will appear practical suggestions for unique entertainments and artistic home decorations.



HUNGARIAN DINNERS are a fad with the social set. For a time Delmonico's and Oscar's sauces are set aside and all the gay world is flocking to a couple of Table d'hote places which have received judicious advertising, and each night the tables are filled if the "passing show" has to be called in to partake of the hospitality of the all-wise proprietors.

At one place, tables have to be engaged a week ahead. It is not necessary to wander from one's own fireside to have a Hungarian dinner. It can be arranged at home where it is much more enjoyable.

Ward McAllister said that, "covers at the ideal dinner should never be laid for more than eight." In this case conversation may be general, and, naturally, a hostess must take care that her guests are so selected that no awkward situations will exist. There must be no strained relations between any of the guests.

The decorations are an important item, of course. An effective scheme of decoration is obtained if ropes of smilax and asparagus vines are festooned from the corners of the table to the chandelier.

There are loops of the vines and the national colors of America and Hungary at the ends of the ropes, fastening them to the table.

Above, in the chandelier, are draped the flags of the two countries. In the center of the table is a low, cut glass or silver rose bowl, filled with tulips, the emblem of Hungary. When the bowl is set on a mirror, edged with smilax vines, the effect is heightened.

The souvenirs may be little wooden shoes. Of course, the musicians must be Hungarian, and play their native airs. When they wear the gypsy costume they are more picturesque.

MENU.

—
OYSTERS.

—
SOUP.

—
FISH.—TOKAY.

—
GULASH.

—
ROAST CHICKEN.

Potatoes.

Breaded Cauliflower.

Budai.

Romaine Salad.

Sliced Tomatoes.

—
APPLE STRUDEL.

—
ICE CREAM.

Crackers.

Cheese.

Coffee.

—
COGNAC.

Of course, an American cook cannot make these dishes without careful instructions. If the following ones are obeyed the result will be most satisfactory, and a Hungarian would consider himself lucky to be invited to such a feast.

SOUP.

Two pounds soup meat. One onion, one leek, one carrot, one tomato, and a dash of parsley. Boil three hours, strain, then add noodles, made with two cups of flour, two eggs and one half cup of water. Mix to a stiff dough, roll out as thin as paper, cut in strips two inches wide, lay several strips over the other and cut across in small squares.

FISH.

Five pounds sea bass, cut in pieces of four inches long. Salt well. Add enough water to cover. Boil first two onions, one carrot, cut up small, one celery root, one leek, and one small tomato; put in fish and boil twenty minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Strain off sauce. Squeeze into a cup the juice of one half lemon, add yolks of two eggs, well beaten, add this to sauce, set on fire and stir for three minutes. Garnish fish, after sauce is poured on, with lemon and parsley.

GULASH.

Three pounds flank steak, cut in pieces of one inch square. Wash well. Put into a large pot a bit of fat the size of an egg. Cut two onions and allow to brown in fat. Add the meat. Cook two and a half hours. Add one half can tomatoes, salt to taste, and one half teaspoonful of paprika. During last half hour add six potatoes, cut in small pieces, and one lump of sugar. Use just enough water to cover.

CHICKEN.

Roast a chicken in ordinary way, then cut up in small pieces, use "home gravy," and garnish with parsley.

CAULIFLOWER.

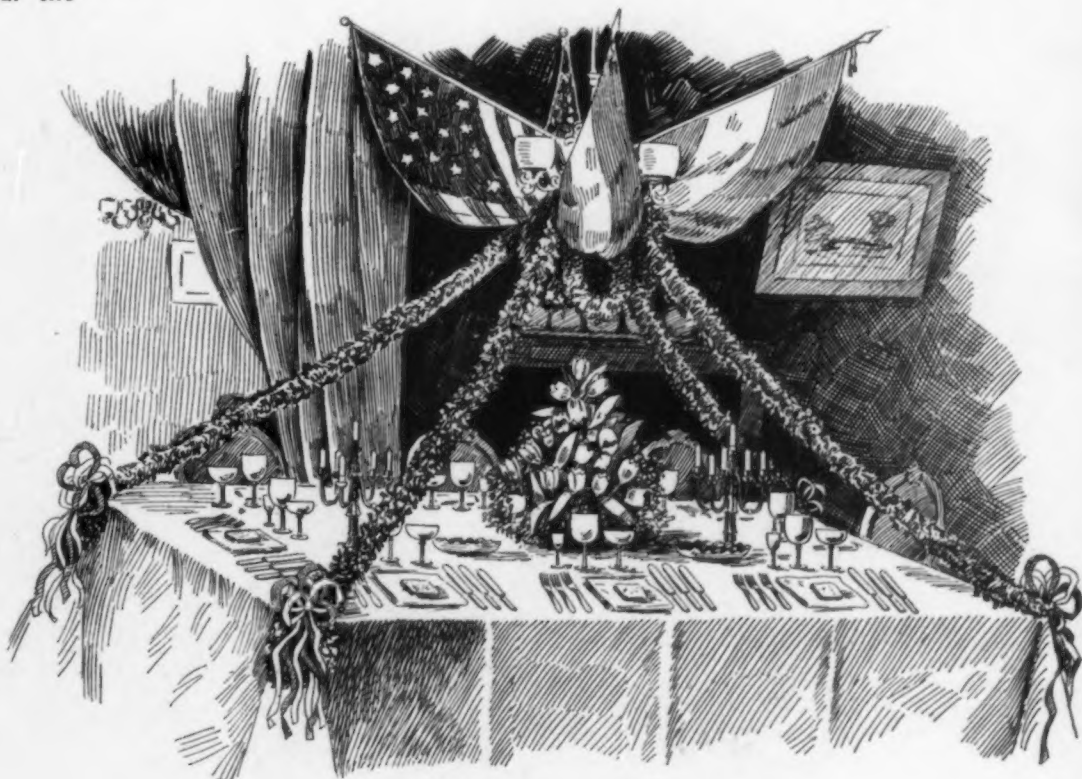
Boil two heads of cauliflower, soft. Add one pint of cream, heated and thickened, and one half cup of grated bread crumbs. Salt to taste.

POTATOES.

Cut eight potatoes in long, narrow strips, and put in pan filled with hot fat or lard. Fry till light brown and sprinkle with salt and paprika.

APPLE STRUDEL.

Two cups of flour, a dash of salt, water enough to make a light dough. Beat with hand twenty minutes. Place dough underneath a heated pot. Arrange a cloth on a table, put dough in center, sprinkle with flour, soften with melted butter, and pull dough as thin as possible. Have prepared one quart of apples, peeled and cut up, teaspoonful of grated cinnamon, one half pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of chopped almonds, and a cup of raisins. Sprinkle over the dough, add a bit of melted butter. Roll cloth in a small package, put in oven, bake till brown, then cut in slices and dash with powdered sugar.



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